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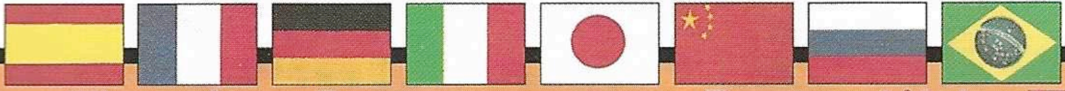

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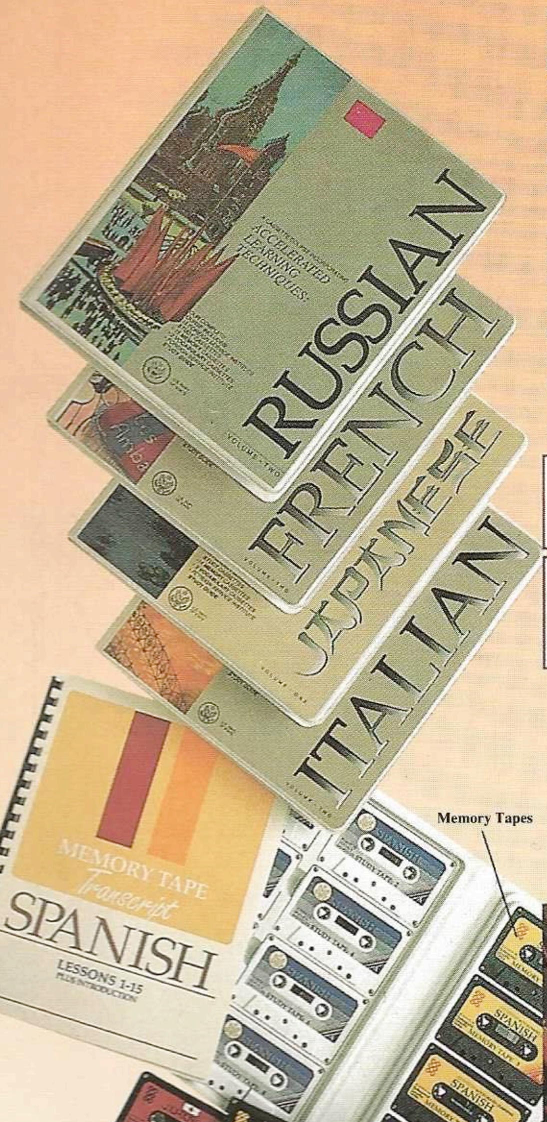

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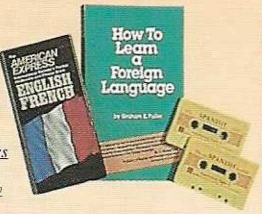

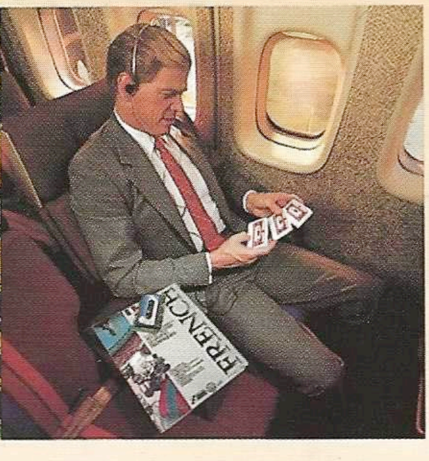

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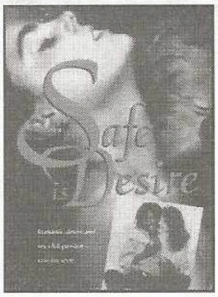

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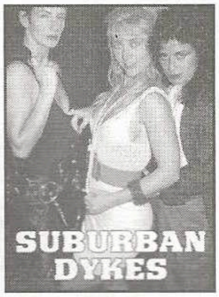

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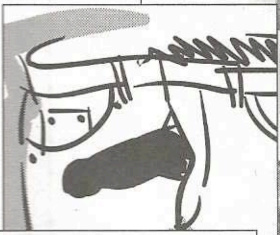

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photo: Victoria Heilweil

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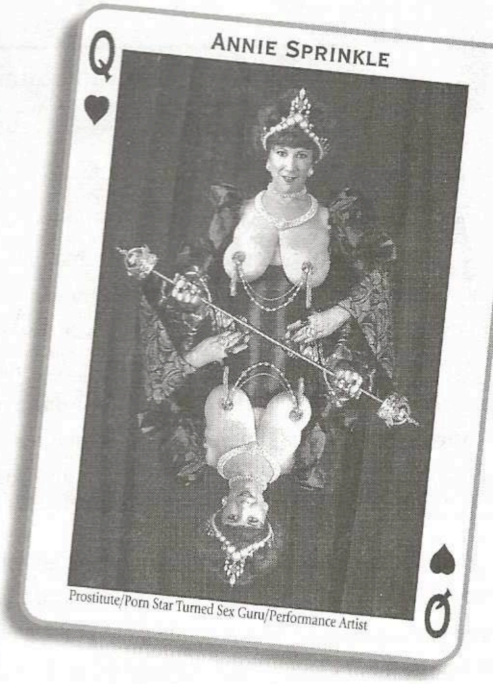

Q
ANNIE SPRINKLE
Prostitute/Porn Star Turned Sex Guru/Performance Artist
Q

HIGHLIGHTS FROM ANNIE SPRINKLE'S POST-MODERN PIN-UPS:

An Updated feminist version of those wonderful girlie pin-up playing cards from the '50s and '60s.
Cover photo by James Styles

letter from the Editor

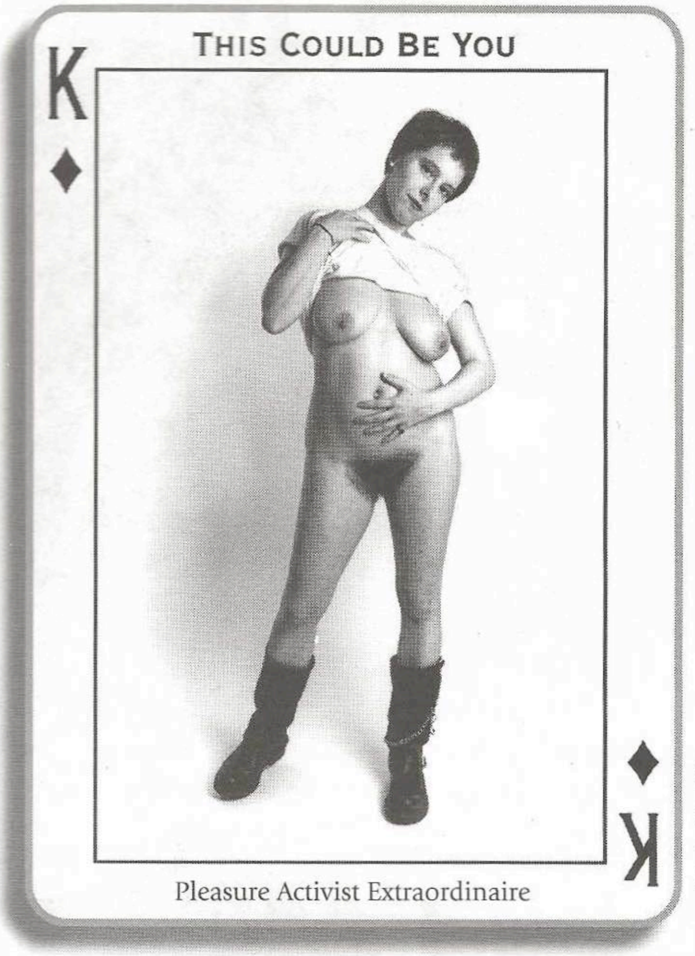


Photo by Chloe Atkins

Bayla Travis, *editor*

Annie Sprinkle has coined the wonderful new term, "Pleasure Activist," to describe feminists who are on the front lines, "committed to making a safer, more satisfying world for women." Every woman involved in putting together this issue (or any other issue of *On Our Backs*) qualifies as a Pleasure Activist. And, Annie has included a card in the deck with an empty chair, entitled "This Could Be You." So every woman reading this issue is invited to call herself a Pleasure Activist. "Can it really be so easy to be a Pleasure Activist?" you ask. Maybe you're shy and wonder what risks being a Pleasure Activist involves.

In response to all the dykes out there who have said (or thought to themselves), "Oh, I could never do that!" I've compiled a list of Myths and Facts surrounding the glamourous, yet mysterious calling of Pleasure Activist. And let me be the first to admit that many of the myths were things that I believed in the days when I often said, "Oh, I could never do that!"

MYTH: Pleasure Activists have sex all the time.

FACT: Most Pleasure Activists have lots of things, besides sex, that we like to do, or have to do. Pleasure Activists do have better sex, however, because we've made it a priority.

> **"Let me be the first to admit that many of the myths were things that I believed in the days when I often said, "Oh, I could never do that!""**

MYTH: Pleasure Activists know everything about sex.

FACT: Pleasure Activists feel entitled to learn anything about sex that we wish to know. We often ask questions others are afraid to ask. We may give ourselves permission to do our own research, if the answers to our questions are unavailable, or seem unrelated to our own experiences.

MYTH: Pleasure Activists don't have families, or they have very liberal ones.

FACT: Pleasure Activists have every kind of family imaginable. The families of Pleasure Activists are luckier than other families, however, because they have us as role models for pleasure.

MYTH: Pleasure Activists have perfect bodies.

FACT: Pleasure Activists have bodies that serve us well. Our skin is sensitive to pleasurable touch, our hearts are open to deep feelings, and our brains provide us with an inexhaustable supply of wonderful fantasies and erotic ideas that we can try alone or with someone else.

MYTH: Pleasure Activists are never shy.

FACT: Pleasure Activists have found a place in the world where we can express this part of ourselves. It might be in our room, alone. Or it might be on a big stage in front of lots of people. Most Pleasure Activists are cautious and shy when they find themselves in a situation where being a Pleasure Activist could be risky. These feelings are invaluable survival mechanisms, and say "Be Careful."

MYTH: Pleasure Activists will do or say anything.

FACT: Pleasure Activists become experts, through lots of trial and error, in knowing where our limits are. Which makes doing and saying anything we'd like that much more fun, safe and exciting.

MYTH: Pleasure Activists are never afraid.

FACT: Pleasure Activists are often afraid because fear is the natural emotion that occurs during acts of courage. Some Pleasure Activists may find that fear produces adrenaline, which can produce a natural high, which makes the pleasure just a bit more intense. To say the least.

MYTH: Being a Pleasure Activist means you have to take off your clothes.

FACT: As a Pleasure Activist you might find yourself putting on many different kinds of sexy clothes that reflect your erotic mood of the moment.

One of my favorite books is a coffee table art book of antique erotic photos. I love looking at the faces and bodies of these women. I wonder if their children or grandchildren, or great grandchildren knew they'd posed for these pictures. I look at these photos and imagine these women are my relatives. I hope they are. I'd be so proud.

Bayla

RENT • A • BUTCH

Dear On Our Backs,

As a sexually adventurous lesbian of the nineties, I was tickled lavender when I noticed an ad in a local SF newspaper. It was for a butch escort for women! As a femme who has been hard hit by the butch/top shortage of the last few years, I was delighted to see an outlet for my raging femme lust. I summoned up all the chutzpah I could find and called her. She was incredibly charming, so I decided to blow a little "mad money," and gamble on an adventure.

She arrived at my door in full gentleman butch drag, carrying a discreet black leather briefcase which I later found contained all manner of dildoes and harnesses and latex and restraints and whips (oh, my!). Well, I am a lady, so I won't go into all the juicy details, but I will say that it was well worth her asking price.

I just wanted to share my fabulous experience with the other adventuresome lesbians who devour *On Our Backs* as I do every issue. There are beginning to be sex workers geared towards OUR pleasure, and we should act like good lesbians and support our whore butch and femme sisters with our patronage. It wouldn't hurt us a bit either...

Sinfully Yours,
Sally, San Francisco, CA

P.S. Due to the illegal nature of my disclosure, could you please not publish my last name or my street address. Thanks.

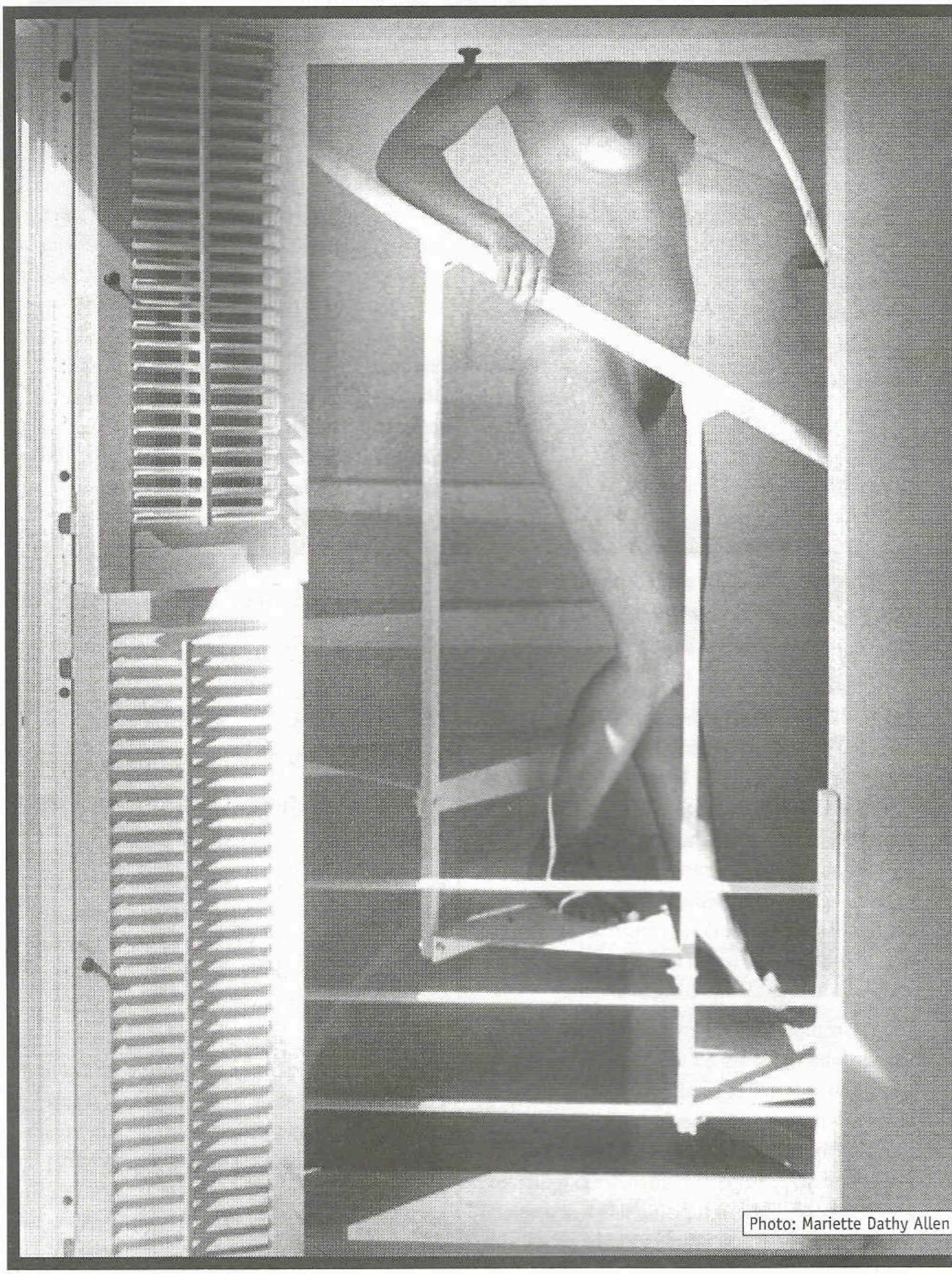


Photo: Mariette Dathy Allen

A BUTCH FOR ALL SEASONS

Dear Luscious Readers of On Our Backs,

I embarked on a remarkable adventure about three weeks ago, and I wanted to share a bit of my adventures, so that you might be inspired to embark on your own sexual expedition. To put it quite bluntly, I became a butch hustler, a giglette, a boy whore, or whatever words you'd like to use for a butch dyke who offers her sexual services to women for money. At first, I was a bit unsure there was a market hungry for services such as I offer, but the response I've had so far with five clients in my first three weeks, has proven not only that there is quite a market, but that I should have started years ago.

The most delightful and unexpected call I got was from a professional dominatrix who just wanted some vanilla fun sex after tying boys up then whipping and torturing them all day long. I have been amazed at the variety of rolls I've been called on to play; daddy's bad little boy, a terribly mean sadistic butch top, a moderately mean sadistic butch top, and a sweetly attentive gentleman butch. In closing, I would like to take this opportunity to give a special thank you to the ground-breaking women whose sense of adventure drew them to page me in the first place.

Les,
San Francisco, CA

GETTING DOWN TO THE NITTY GRITTY

Dear On Our Backs,

First off, I love the magazine!!!!!! The tenth anniversary issue was good, thought provoking. It's important to have a magazine that deals honestly with the diversity of women's sexuality, something that talks about what's really going on and doesn't get mired down in the political PC bullshit. Thanks.

(continued on page 42)

ask fairy Butch

KARLYN LOTNEY

Helgh Signaldadottir

Dear Fairy Butch:

Please help me. I see plenty of lesbians on the pages of *On Our Backs* who shave. Yet it seems that all of the women I meet, at least those with whom I want to go to bed, do not. I hate the sight or feel of body hair. The first woman I ever slept with did shave and it is the feel of her soft, smooth legs against mine that I remember more than the orgasm. I guess I am a sensualist who appreciates the feel of smooth soft skin as much as I appreciate a good orgasm—the feel of another woman's body can go on and on all night, orgasms can't.

The problem is, I have failed to find any woman who will shave for me. Most think I am being unreasonable or conditioned by a male society as to what a woman should be like. Am I being unreasonable ? Have I been conditioned? Any advice on how I can get my current lover to shave? This is the only bone of contention between us.

—Hairless and Hoping

Dear Hairless:

Ah, a girl after my own heart! Many is the night your own Fairy Butch has relished the feel of a freshly-shaven female of the femme persuasion beneath her Egyptian cotton-cloaked duvet on a chilly San Francisco eve. Not that shaving is just for femmes, my dear. No indeed, the fantasy and process of shaving can be as titilating as the end result for anyone who cares to flick her Bic. In addition to creating a smooth surface against which one's amour can nestle, shaving removes dry cells by exfoliating the skin and thus leaves it ultra-sensitive to sensation. When performed joyfully, the act of shaving can be a divine, cathartic ritual which leaves the body especially receptive to whatever it may encounter—from silk lavishly swept along a shaven arm, to the alternating sensations of cowhide and a cool breeze on a pair of hairless labia.

Shaving, like other cultural imperatives attached to femininity, has become associated with its negative connotations due to the lack of volition involved in the venture. Many of us remember our first perilous attempts at shaving as tear-filled, inadvertent mutilations performed in order to fulfill our roles as appropriately-gendered young ladies. Likewise, the popular media offers its consumers few positive images of sexy, hairy women to balance our perceptions; hairiness in women is linked rather to slothfulness and embarrassment. Thus, due to our unfortunate cultural correlation of shaving with pain and confinement in a gender jail , it is hardly any wonder that the women you meet are reluctant to submit themselves to a process which they regard as tortuous and humiliating. None of this, however is inherent to the procedure itself. Shaving is rather one of the countless ways, like haircutting or weightlifting, that people employ to manipulate their bodies.

> **"Caress her clearly-delineated body using your gaze, tongue, fingers, satin, leather whip, or anything else that fries your eggs."**

My advice to you, dear Hairless, is to communicate your desire to your lover with the same aplomb that Fairy Butch would expect you to bring to any sexual situation. Emphasize the positive, darling—don't dwell in your displeasure. Reassure your lover that you understand her point of view concerning the subject of 'female conditioning', but that like the word "queer", you have decided to reclaim the act of shaving as your very own personal fetish. Eroticize the process for her, darling—make it an enticing prospect rather than a dreaded chore.

Here's what you do, my dear. After regaling your love with your passion for the unfettered lines of her form, smoothness of her skin, and heightened sensitivity that will follow her shaving, draw her a warm bath. Put some scented oil in the tub, burn some incense, play her favorite music, and decorate the room with candles. Set Miss Girl in the tub, massage her shoulders, shampoo her hair, and do what comes naturally, including revealing your pink, plastic friend (you can show her the razor, too, if your like.) Continually offer her passionate demonstrations throughout the course of the event. When she gives her consent, and after her body has soaked an ample amount of time in the warm water, begin shaving. After you've toweled her off, it's time to make use of all that gorgeous bare skin. Caress her clearly-delineated body using your gaze, tongue, fingers, satin, leather whip, or anything else that fries your eggs.

Address the issue with a positive enthusiasm, make the process part of sex, show ample appreciation of the finished product, emphasize the kinky aspect of your proclivity, and odds are she'll soon be a believer.

Dear Fairy Butch:

I live about an hour away from San Francisco, and I've been yearning to visit a dyke sex club there. For my first expedition, however, I'd really like to just watch. Is this appropriate, or should I abandon my voyeuristic quest altogether?

—Curious in Cupertino

Dear Curious:

Absolutely not, my dear! However, one must be very sensitive to the nuances of proper sex club spectatorship. This is not the time to comment on that fabulous new frock that you just procured at Macy's White Flower Sale, nor is it good manners to remark on the caning technique of the long-legged dominitrix standing before you. Do feel free, however, to feast your eyes on the fun and frolic in a respectful way—one which enhances the scene by feeding the participants' exhibitionism, rather than detracts from the action by making them feel like a curiosity.

I would, however, encourage you to consider taking a more active role in the festivities. Even if you don't think anyone will see them, wear some fierce lingerie or pack a dildo, or both for that matter. Maybe you won't actually display your wares to some sexy stranger, but the fact that the possibility exists for you will both increase the odds, as well as heighten your own voyeuristic enjoyment. Bear in mind that others at the club will also be apprehensive, and a warm smile and friendly conversation in the social room with a welcoming wallflower might be both appreciated and bear fruit—you might very well find yourself happily being a more central part of the scene.

In any case, mind your manners, be safe, and whether you play or watch, if the possibility of public sex excites you, do take advantage of this golden opportunity—after all my dear, life is a performance art.

Gentle Readers: Please submit your concerns regarding the finer points of lesbian life, sexuality, romance, and other matters of the heart and nether regions to : Ask Fairy Butch at On Our Backs, 530 Howard St., Suite 400, SF, CA 94105.

OUR RIGHT TO LOVE
OUR RIGHT TO LOVE
TO

Photo: Judi Parks

SPIES IN THE HOUSE OF LOVE

ROBIN STEVENS

I've been a voyeur for as long as I can remember. A watcher and a reader. I found my first stacks of pornography, practically floor to ceiling, in a closet in the house on Martha's Vineyard where I was a summer babysitter when I was 12. While the kids were napping I'd steal outside to the porch with my employer's cigarettes, and a couple of copies of *Hustler* or *Penthouse*. I'd smoke without inhaling, and I'd pore over the pages, imagining what Mike, the Dad who presumably owned the magazines, must have felt like while he was reading them. It the same summer in which my Mom kept hiding her copy of Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* from me. I'd read a few chapters, she'd find it in my room, and a few weeks later I'd come across it on a closet shelf, or under her bed.

So if I were the one who had been attending the North American Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Studies conference at the University of Iowa last November, and someone had handed me a party invitation that read "bring your imagination, your toys and your latex," I would have been curious at the very least. I would have saved the invitation, its possession alone a self-satisfying secret. Whether I attended or not would have been a matter of mood. It does fuel the fantasy life though, doesn't it?

> **"People looked at me as though I were a homosexual, and it was so humiliating. I got so many invitations to parties inviting me to come nude or erotically attired."**

The relevant recipient of this invitation, however, wasn't me, it was Bill Horn, who had recently moved to Des Moines to open an office of *The Report*, the Lancaster, California-based organization that produced *"The Gay Agenda,"* an anti-gay propaganda video that covered the Pentagon like an oil spill when President Clinton announced he intended to repeal the ban on gays in the military. At the conference Horn considered himself something of an undercover agent. A spy on the sexual underground.

"People looked at me as though I were a homosexual, and so it was humiliating. I got so many invitations to parties inviting me to come nude or erotically attired," he told Beverly LaHaye, during an appearance on her nationally broadcast Christian radio show in which he talked about the conference. (Horn was "actually there for the event," LaHaye told her listeners as she introduced him. "Here today to give us a first-hand report on this radical movement and their efforts to force you and I to accept their very sinful behavior.")

Surveillance of lesbian and gay activities, and dissemination of videotapes and first hand accounts of the "findings" have become effective tactics of 90s anti-gay organizers. As Horn says, "people are outraged that this sort of stuff took place."

The radical right is "exploiting our behavior and using decontextualized misrepresentations of our cultural practices to frighten people," says anthropologist Gayle Rubin. "They're very good at using whatever they can to scandalize their constituency and raise enormous amounts of money."

Rubin is a sex radical and a veteran of the feminist "sex wars" of the 1980s, who has been watching the development of the new wave of right wing, anti-gay activity carefully. "People should simply assume that they are under surveillance at all public or semi-public events, and that right wing spies are getting more adept at penetrating even into relatively private environments," she warns.

"This does not mean that anyone should

(SPIES, continued from page 7)

stop what they are doing. They want us to stop, to fight among ourselves, and to blame each other for what is happening. We cannot do their work for them. At the same time, we need to be aware of what is happening. Right now there is a hostile army watching and recording what we do, and using this information to undermine us."

Horn's attendance at the Iowa conference is only one example of this radical right strategy. "Operatives" for *The Report* have prowled the aisles of S/M and Leather conferences (like last year's international leather celebration held in conjunction with Stonewall '94), of queer bookstores, and of political meetings.

"The spying allows people to gratify a prurient curiosity within a moralistic, condemnatory framework," says Rubin. "It's a time-tested approach, with similarities to other public crusades against vice, sex work, obscenity, homosexuals and many varieties of sexual 'deviants.'

The Report is the political arm of a small, fundamentalist and virulently anti-gay church called Springs of Life (which, by the way, is where Jim and Tammy Baker went for fellowship and rejuvenation when Jim's sinful behavior brought his empire down). Both organizations are run by Ty and Jeanette Beeson, a minister and his wife, who seem obsessed with homosexuality. The organization has staked its political territory by producing the anti-gay videos that juxtapose sexually suggestive footage from gay pride parades or street festivals with the testimony of so-called experts: ex-gay Christians, discredited psychologists, ministers and lay people. The shock tactics have been effective—*The Report* is now funded almost entirely by videotape sales, which has allowed them to open the organizing office in Des Moines.

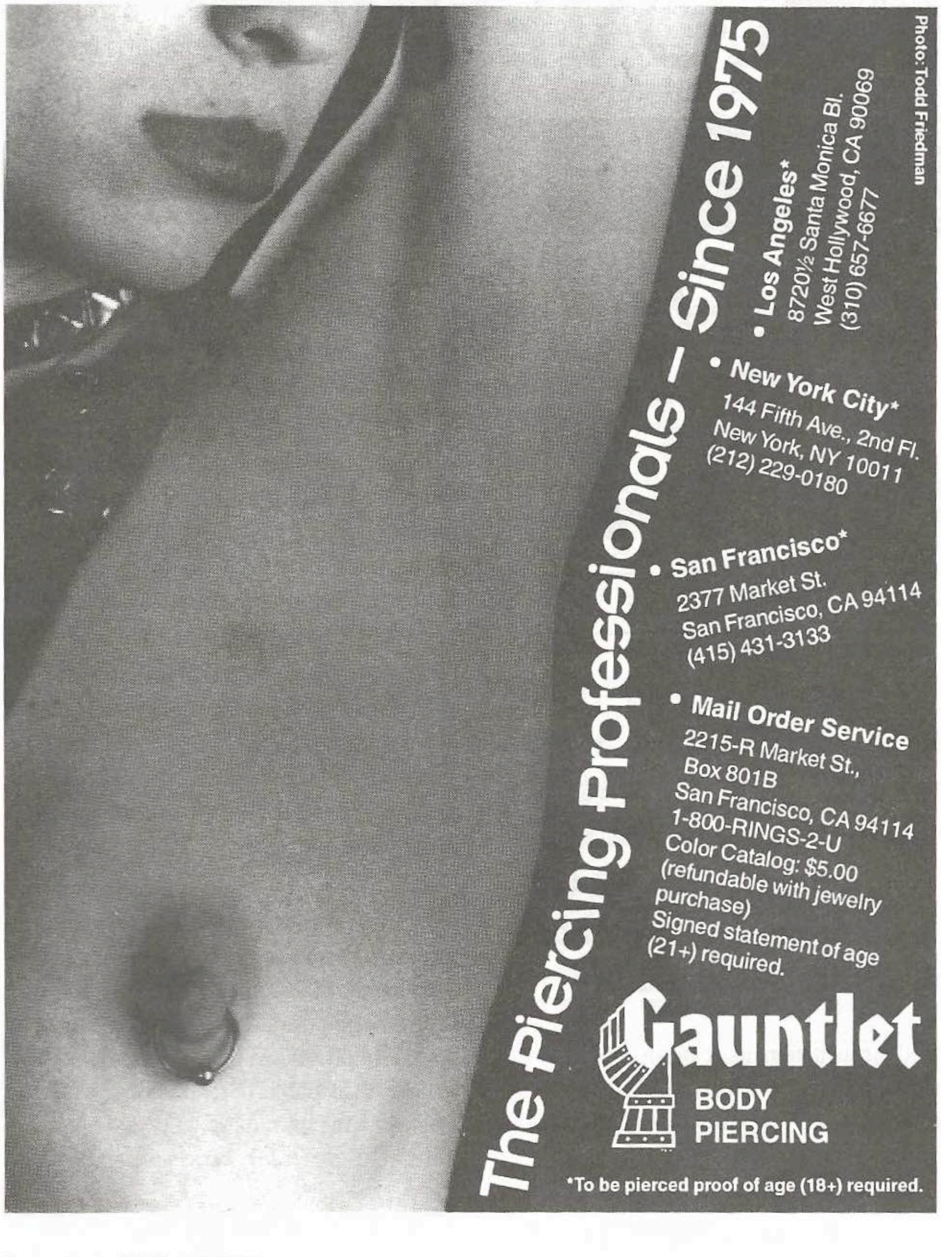
For the most part, lesbians have remained barely a blip on *The Report's* radar screen. A perusal of back issues of the *Lambda Report* (a newsletter dedicated to "monitoring the homosexual agenda in American politics and culture" that for a time was published by the organization) reveals focus mostly on gay male culture and sexual activity, and on accounts of S/M and leather sexuality (which it presents as a homosexual phenomenon).

"Gay male sexuality and gay men's bodies are sites of tremendous obsession by heterosexual men. One of the reasons the Right targets homosexual men and male to male sex is that they can, often unconsciously, experience anxiety about being in that space," says Eric Rofes, an author and long time community activist, who has most recently been writing on gay male sexuality. "Thinking about lesbian sexuality brings up questions of eroticizing dykes, of seeing women together ... but it doesn't include the possibility of a heterosexual man having an arm up his ass."

Right wing activists do respond to gay male sexuality with more heated emotion and interest—lesbians are rarely talked about in terms of sex, and when they are, the waters grow murky. In *Lambda Report*, for example, one of the only focuses on lesbian sexuality showed the thin line between presentation of material designed to shock readers, and the pornography the newsletter claims to "expose." Reading and looking for all the world like an *On Our Backs* ad, a one column story proclaimed through its headlines: "Female 'Fisting' ... 'A Delicate and Exact Science' ... Bondage and Vegetables."

That was an isolated presentation, however, and something that Peter LaBarbera, the boyish, thirty-something editor of *Lambda Report*, considered to be a mistake. I spent some time with him about a year ago while working on a story about the newsletter, and he said the most insightful criticism he'd received from right-

(continued on page 10)



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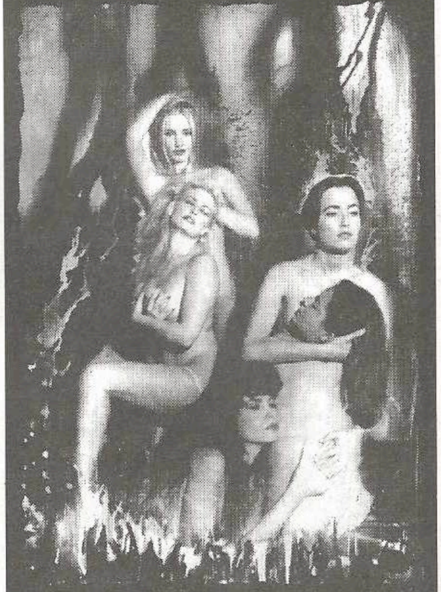

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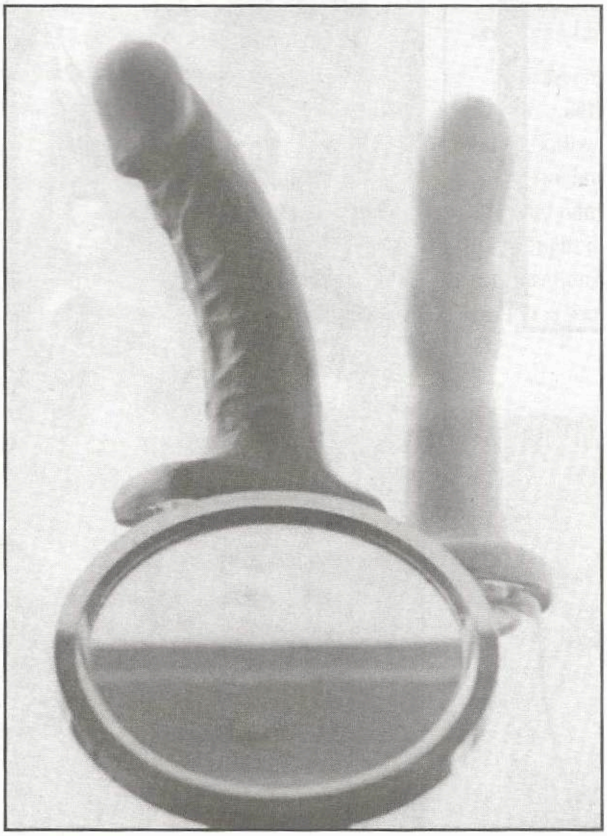

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(SPIES continued from page 8)

wing colleagues was that sometimes the newsletter "reads like its pornography itself." La Barbera makes regular forays into the magazine rack at Lambda Rising, Washington D.C.'s gay bookstore, to gather his information the lesbian and gay community.

More often, right wingers discuss lesbians in an attempt to score political points. "Gay Leader Describes herself as S&M 'Leatherwoman'" trumpeted a front page *Lambda Report* story shortly after Peri Jude Radecic's appointment as Executive Director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. LaBarbera "broke the Peri Jude story," as he puts it, when he happened to catch her speech at an S/M Leather Fetish Conference held in conjunction with the 1993 March on Washington. LaBarbera had been wandering, alone and anonymous, through the aisles of a display area at the conference.

"There is a use to all this attention," says Rofes. "I'm not saying LaBarbara and the way he covers it is helpful, but I am saying that this incessant privatization of sex is a major problem."

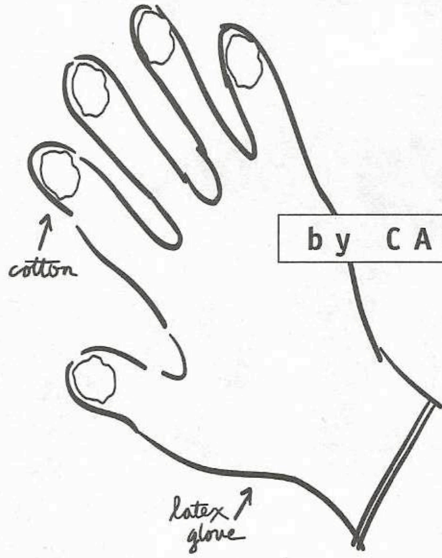
"I think the important and difficult work ahead of us is to talk explicitly about people's sex lives," he adds. "To be explicit, to get around blocks of shame about what we do, with whom we do it, and where we do it."

As queer lives have taken their places at the movies, in the streets and in cyberspace, spheres that were once much more private have become accessible to more and more people. "We have lost a kind of privacy we used to have because we were not drawing this kind of attention," says Rubin.

LaBarbera and Horn have their counterparts on the Internet, where I've been hanging out a lot these days. We may have more in common than they probably realize. Those who hang around watching the interactive conversations of others are known as "lurkers." Some of them are right wing, and spend a lot of time cutting and pasting what people say into new files, so they can send them off in angry letters to the system administrators of online services. Other lurkers are simply curious, fueling their fantasy lives and imaginations with the more exhibitionist erotic lives of others. I have to admit I've been doing a lot of that recently, and I don't think it's such a bad impulse. Curiosity, after all, didn't really kill the cat, it simply expanded her horizons. I just wish that Horn and LaBarbera would get over their own Fear of Flying. ♀

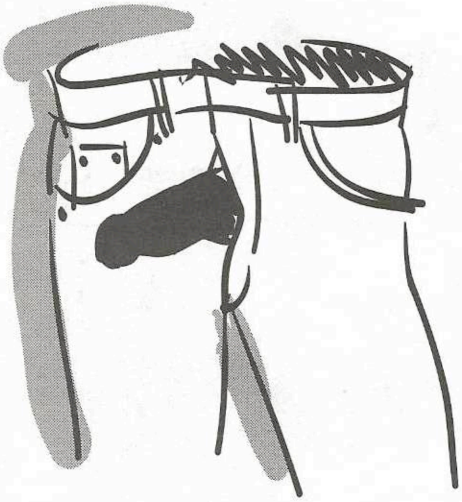
SEX TIPS

by CAROL QUEEN

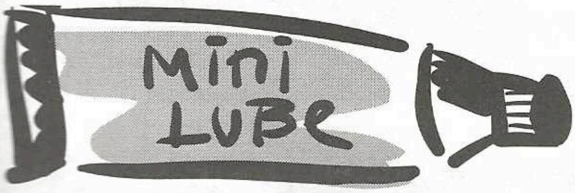


FUCKING FEMMES
A femme can fuck, long nails and all, by stuffing a cotton ball into each fingertip of her latex gloves. With the sharp edges padded, you can more safely throw yourself into what you're doing! (Still, take care not to break a nail. So tacky.)

BUTTON UP
We love harnesses, but sometimes they feel constricting or bulky. Button that dildo right into your button-fly jeans. Just make sure it has enough of a base not to slip out.



PORT-A-LUBE
Water-based lube comes in small, one-use packets that are great to travel with, pocket for those sudden-onset dates, and keep at home for your guests to use.



illustrations by ART JAGONASI

AVOID THOSE LITTLE EMBARASSMENTS
Do you like to do ass play but hesitate to loan your enema bag to your dates so they can be fresh and clean like you? Keep disposable saline douches at home and you'll be ready for anything. Don't get pre-packaged enemas like Fleet's - they contain chemicals you don't want. You need only water to rinse out the rectum enough for play.

HAVE RINSE, WILL TRAVEL
And is that trusty enema bag too bulky to travel with? You can get a small bulb syringe at the drug store that will easily fit in your backpack, purse, or carry bag. Be prepared!

WIPE ME UP! WIPE ME DOWN!
Diaper wipes - the kind that dispense one at a time, like tissues - are treated with alcohol and sometimes even Nonoxynol-9. They're very handy to have at your bedside for that apres-fuck clean-up.

A GIRL SCOUT IS ALWAYS PREPARED
If you don't have a box, bowl, or basket of condoms, lube, and gloves in every room of the house, how can you possibly be ready for anything?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PARSLEY AND PUSSY?...
It takes four hours for friendly, germ-fighting mucosa to coat the inside of your mouth once you've cleared it out with a vigorous tooth-brushing. So avoid brushing for four hours before and four hours after you play. If the breath test makes you cringe, pop a strong, minty breath freshener - or eat your parsley!

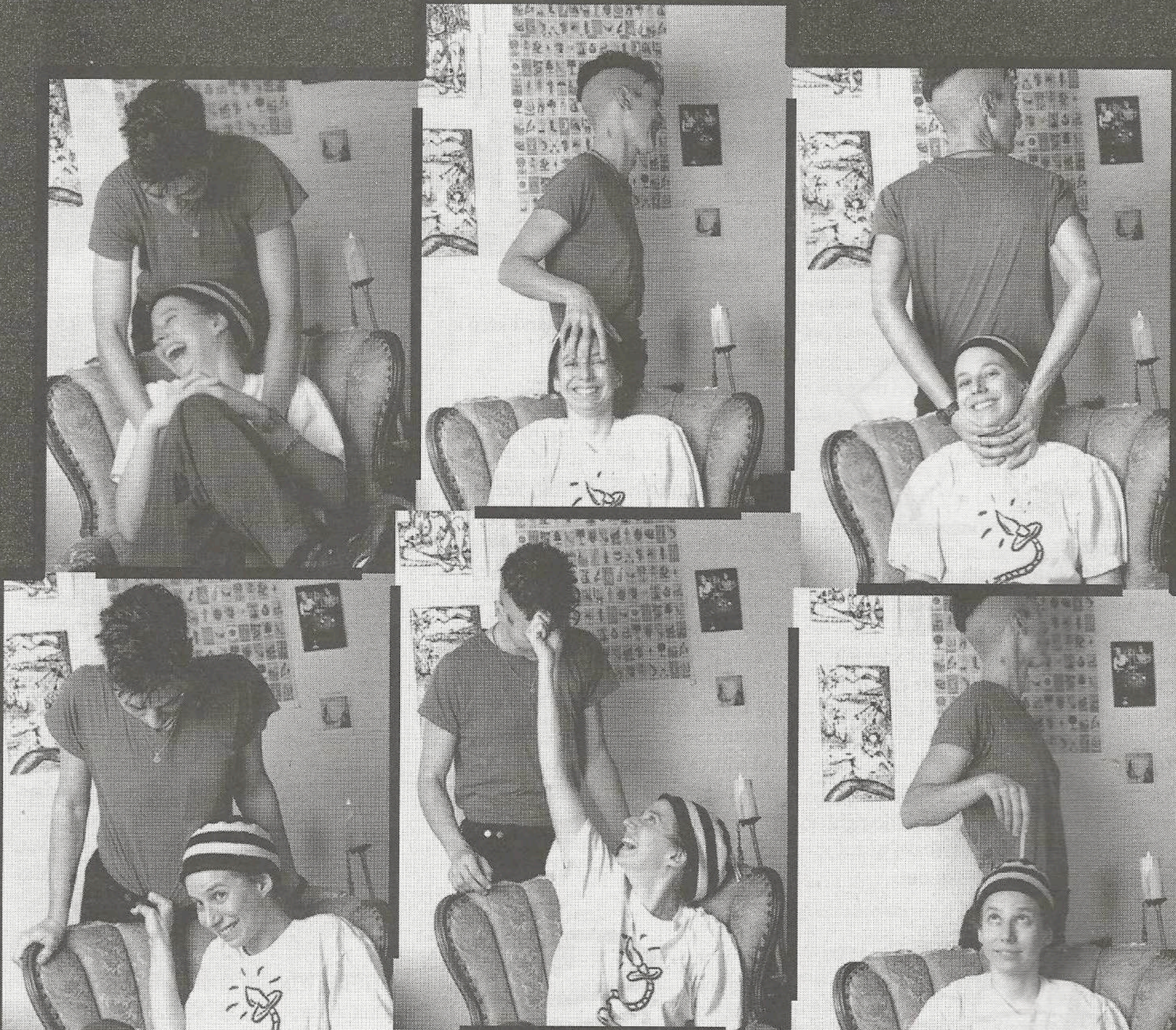
UNTIL YOU SAVE UP FOR RUBBER SHEETS...
You never know when your next guest will be one of those squishy-wet female ejaculators. Keep a stash of trick towels and throws near the bed - that way you won't have to disturb your post-orgasm bliss to rip off the sheets and sop up the mattress. (Better yet, get those waterproof disposable pads at the drugstore.)

LOVE LIBRARY
What do women want? Freud didn't think to leave a pile of erotica around so the women in his life could choose for themselves. Keep your smut collection near at hand so you and your dates can read to each other, look at the pictures, share your favorite things, and get inspired.

BEDTIME WINDOW SHOPPING
Thumb through a sex toy catalog with your sweetie. Make a list and check it twice. Good Vibrations, Eve's Garden and Xandria are good places to start.

OVERCOMING MONOCHROME
Is your toy box a sea of black leather in low light? If you can't find just the right toy at a moment's notice, color code your gear. Buy your toys in different colors, or color band the handles with colored tape or rubber bands.

ALL HANDS ON... YOU!
She only has two hands, but you want stimulation everywhere - your nipples, your clit, your cunt. Other girls might call in reinforcements, but you vow to stay monogamous. Give her a hand, darling - your own! Put your finger on your own clit and see what they mean by "two heads are better than one." ♁



Camera shy Diane DiMassa plays with Camera ready Jennie Livingston

photos by Victoria Heilweil

TALK DIRTY

JENNIE LIVINGSTON & DIANE DiMASSA

by KATIE HERN

This article involved a showdown between two sides of Diane DiMassa. On one side was the Catholic New Englander who used a pseudonym when she did cartoons for the SM 'zine *Brat Attack*. Before the interview, this DiMassa insisted she would not talk about her personal life. She wanted no photos taken. And when the make-up person called to ask for the cross-street nearest the apartment, this DiMassa told her to stay home.

On the other side was the Diane DiMassa who left repressive New Haven a few months ago to revel in the sexual freedom of San Francisco. This DiMassa just finished a series of sexually explicit illustrations for Kathy Acker's upcoming novel, *Pussycat Fever*, images filled with bathtub fucking, bitten shoulders, and vermin copulating in the hair of a naked girl-boy with a noodley penis. In between issues of her 'zine *HotHead Paisan, Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist,* she wants to paint portraits of San Francisco leatherdykes.

There was also a battle between two sides of filmmaker Jennie Livingston, who is best known for her film about vogueing, *Paris is Burning*. There was the Yale graduate, theoryhead, who speaks of sex in terms of "one": "One doesn't have an intense experience because one wants to die, but perhaps one has an intense experience because one wants to go to the other side." And squaring off against her, the nerdy SM novice in a stocking cap and baggy pants who describes *You're the Top*, the new screenplay she's working on, as "Woody Allen's younger dyke sister goes to the dungeon."

DiMassa and Livingston have been friends since Livingston mailed a copy of *Paris is Burning* along with a **HotHead** fan letter a couple years ago. They are currently collaborating on an animated *HotHead Paisan* CD ROM project.

We met in DiMassa's apartment to talk about sex. Despite the two kinds of latex gloves by the bed and a day-glow "Suck My Lesbian Cock" sticker on the bathroom mirror, I wasn't sure how much sex we'd actually talk about. But in the end, DiMassa revealed a fondness for gay male porn, Livingston reminisced about teenage fantasies of Linda Blair and reform school gang rapes, and they both played (without make-up) for the photographer.

Hern: What do you think about the way sex is depicted in the mainstream media?

DiMassa: Michael Douglas always comes to mind. I don't know how this man could make himself out to be a sex symbol — Mr. Flabby Ass. I got to my little crescendo of a spew about his white-guy hero movies and then I just stopped paying attention.

Livingston: The basic mainstream representation of sex is "tee-hee." Americans are like adolescents when it comes to sex. I think the problem with SM imagery in the movies is that it's stupid. It's always about some sex worker who's a dominatrix, who has no personality and no life. Their research is very accurate, like in terms of what people do and the toys that people play with. I think that's generally a problem with sex in the movies: There's life. And there's sex. And the two are in no way linked.

DiMassa: I went to see John Wayne Bobbitt's movie. He's the most clumsy, inept, personality-less human being. We just like laughed and goofed in the first part. They had a really cheesy reenactment of the Lorena scene, where she's driving down the street and throws this dildo out the window and it rolls to the feet of this bum who says, "It's a dick. Glad it's not mine." But as you watched the guy, how he moved — he was scary. They have him

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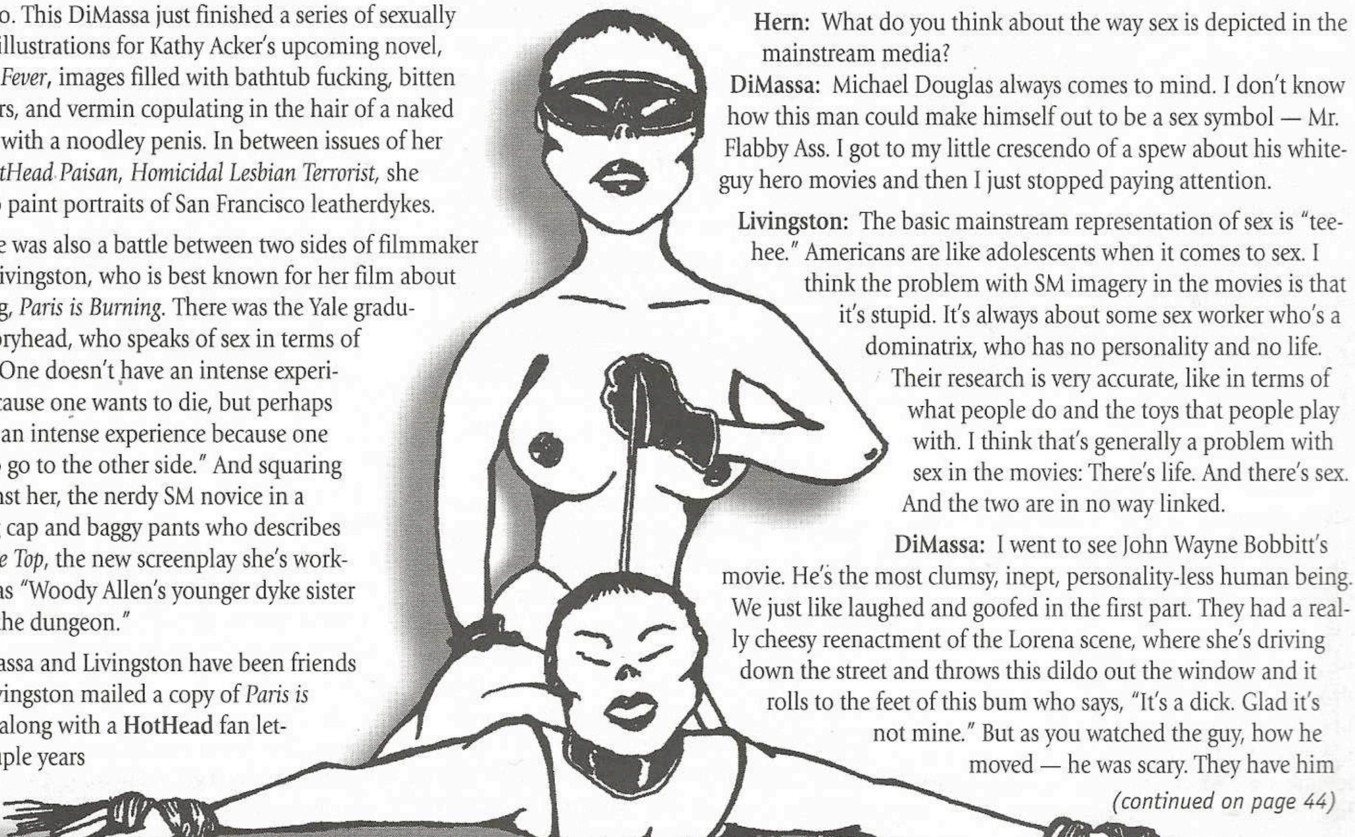

Diane DiMassa's undercover graphic work as "Alex" in the Dyke SM 'zine *Brat Attack*.

Body Watch

ON OUR PROZAC:

DYKES TALK ABOUT SEX, DRUGS, AND DEPRESSION

by KARLYN LOTNEY

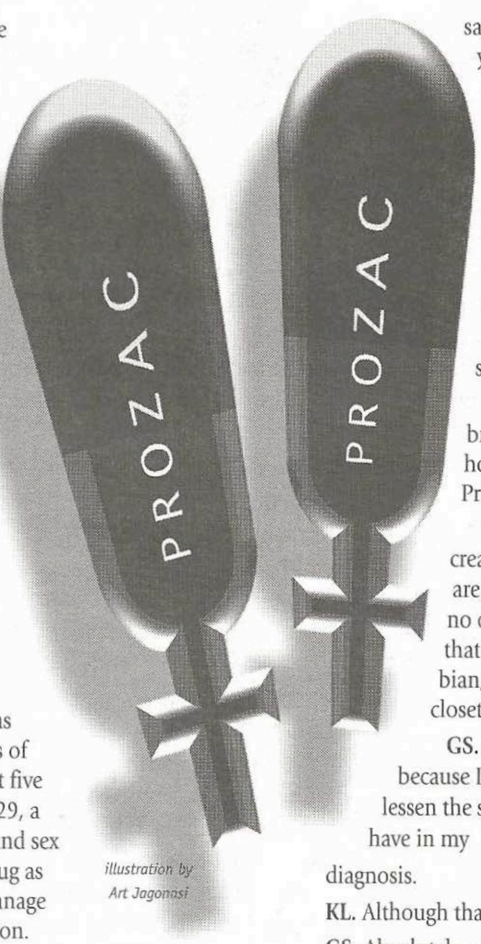

illustration by Art Jagonasi

Julie Wilson is the pseudonym of a 25, a San Francisco graduate film student, takes Prozac for life-long major depression, which had resulted in chronic health problems. Dorian Moore, 29, is a San Diego writer who went on Prozac to ameliorate the symptoms of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. Gail Sweeney, 35, is the pseudonym of a San Francisco MD who has contended with bouts of depression for the last five years. Karlyn Lotney, 29, a San Francisco writer and sex educator, takes the drug as part of her plan to manage chronic mild depression.

What follows is a conversation these women had about their sexual health as lesbians who take the anti-depressant Prozac for depression, or in the case of Dorian, chronic fatigue.

Karlyn. Because of the stigma that goes along with being depressed, and with taking anti-depressants, depression is such an isolating illness. If you were diabetic or epileptic, you could talk about your symptoms and people could comfortably sympathize. There is a similarity between having depression and being a lesbian—it has its own closet. How do your relate being a lesbian to your depression?

Dorian. One of the most common things I hear within the dyke community is from the pocket of new age lesbians who give me a lot of shit for being on any kind of medication. They say, "You chose this illness, you're not trying hard enough, you need to try herbs, a juice fast."

Karlyn. It's kind of a new age version of the 'buck-up' ethic, Instead of take a cold shower and run around the block, it's do a couple of chants, and...

Gail. It's a lack of understanding.

Julie. Well, the ritual breakfast at my dyke household is corn flakes, coffee, and Prozac.

KL. Pass the sugar, the creamer, the Prozac. How out are you about Prozac? There is no one on the face of the earth that doesn't know that I'm a lesbian, but until recently I was very closeted about taking Prozac.

GS. I feel that I can't come out because I'm a doctor and it would lessen the sense of security my patients have in my diagnosis.

KL. Although that has no basis in reality.

GS. Absolutely not.

KL. One of the things that really concerns me, because the drug is so expensive, was that some day I'd be an old lady pushing a shopping cart on the street with a sign that reads: "Pennies for Prozac—I just need $1.79 for today!" One time when my cash flow was particularly low, I went off the drug. At the end of the first week, I had a raging, almost animalistic sex drive. Yet at the same time I had become convinced that no one in Northern California could drive, and I realized that I needed to go back on Prozac. I wanted to maintain my sexuality, and still have the beneficial effects of Prozac.

DM. Yup.

KL. I find that on Prozac, I have a lot less generalized, free—floating sexual desire. Before, I had continual sexual fantasies in class, while waking, and upon going to sleep. I had a very, very high sex drive—constant. Now my desire is less driven—it's more responsive in nature. Though I still have quite a few orgasms on Prozac, I take longer to come clitorally while masturbating. One positive sexual side effect, however, is that I used to be a real compulsive masturbater, I would often masturbate the whole live long day. I don't have do that anymore.

GS. All day?

KL. Yeah, I'd have about 20 or 25 orgasms.

GS. Wow!

KL. But the problem was that I could never be satisfied. I never reached that point where I just felt "great, that's enough"—it felt compulsive. Now, I feel like when its time to stop, its time to stop.

DM. The amount of orgasms I have in one sitting and the intensity of those orgasms, has definitely gone down. Also, I find that I'm less able to have purely vaginal orgasms with no clitoral stimulation whatsoever. On Prozac, I almost always come twice, but I have to concentrate harder. Physically, it's kind of exhausting.

KL. What are the ramifications of the sexual side effects on sexual identity?

DM. I have actually told people that the Prozac makes it hard for me to come, and for them not to take it personally. It's a pain because I used to come so easily. I wonder if while someone is fucking me they're thinking, "OK, all right already!"

I do a lot of SM stuff, and I identify as a boy. A lot of the stuff I do is typically not orgasm-centered, so it's not really affected. I don't necessarily have to be sexually stimulated to be someone's boy.

JW. I have become very detached; I'm less reactive, less duplicitous. It has made me a better top in that I don't get out of control—for me it's purely about testing a bottom's tolerance. It's very clinical, I have almost become a bigger pervert.

KL. Since you've been on Prozac?

JW. Yeah. Because the initial act of cracking that shell freed a lot of hostility. I'm not particularly afraid of public opinion, never have been, but certainly not now. So I have built friendships based entirely on the intellectual exploration of various perversions. It's very entertaining, and it's a substitute for a certain type of needless energy that was wasted on the depths of depression. And perversion is my favorite thing in the world.

KL. What impact has it had on relationships?

JW. Well, I'm involved in a long term relationship, and my lover is going through a change in her sex drive because she just started taking Prozac three months ago. On the drug you have to be honest about sex because it's such an endeavor— if it's not working, if you want something, you are really compelled to speak your mind. Also, it's a very good way to go about trusting each other because we're not scrambling to have sex to validate our lust or our attraction for each other.

GS. I was very much a topper, I was more aggressive, I enjoyed the emotional egocentric effects of being top, and that has certainly lessened on Prozac. I still have drive, but I am much more receptive to my lover's aggression.

KL. What about orgasm?

GS. Orgasm is much harder to attain, it takes longer, and sometimes I just won't come. My partner is very patient, but occasionally she feels she's letting me down. I try to make her understand that that's not at all the case. But I am satisfied whether I have an orgasm or not, because this such a loving relationship. If I were single that might not necessarily be the case.

KL. You said something though that could be construed as a positive sexual side effect, that you were more receptive to your lover initiating sex.

GS. Yeah, When she starts making sexual moves, I'm very seldom not game for it.

KL. I am a lot more able to bottom. Before, I was a top with a capital T—Top, Top, Top.

JW. Stone top?

KL. Maybe not 100% stone, but even on the rare occasions when I permitted someone to fuck me, I would still feel the need to be in control of her and of the sexual scenario. She might be going down on me, but I'd have a buttplug in her, I'd spank her—I still ran the scene. Now, I feel a lot less investment in maintaining that strict top space. I still identify as a butch top, and I actually think that I've been more able to come into being butch since I've been on Prozac because I care less about what people think.

DM. I know I've been more able to come out as a boy.

KL. Because you don't care—you have less fear of retribution. I think that it has definitely been a radicalizing agent.

JW. Yes, what we might have protested in the past, our propensities, we accept. I have always been really sadistic, and now that's OK. I don't try to mask my nature, or constantly check myself, because it just doesn't seem so important.

(continued on page 47)

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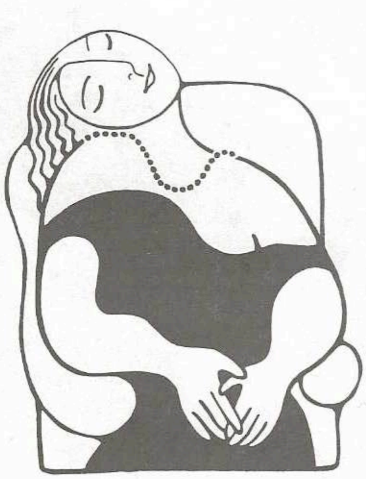

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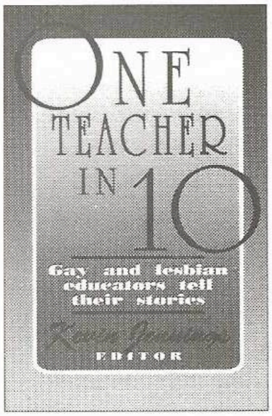
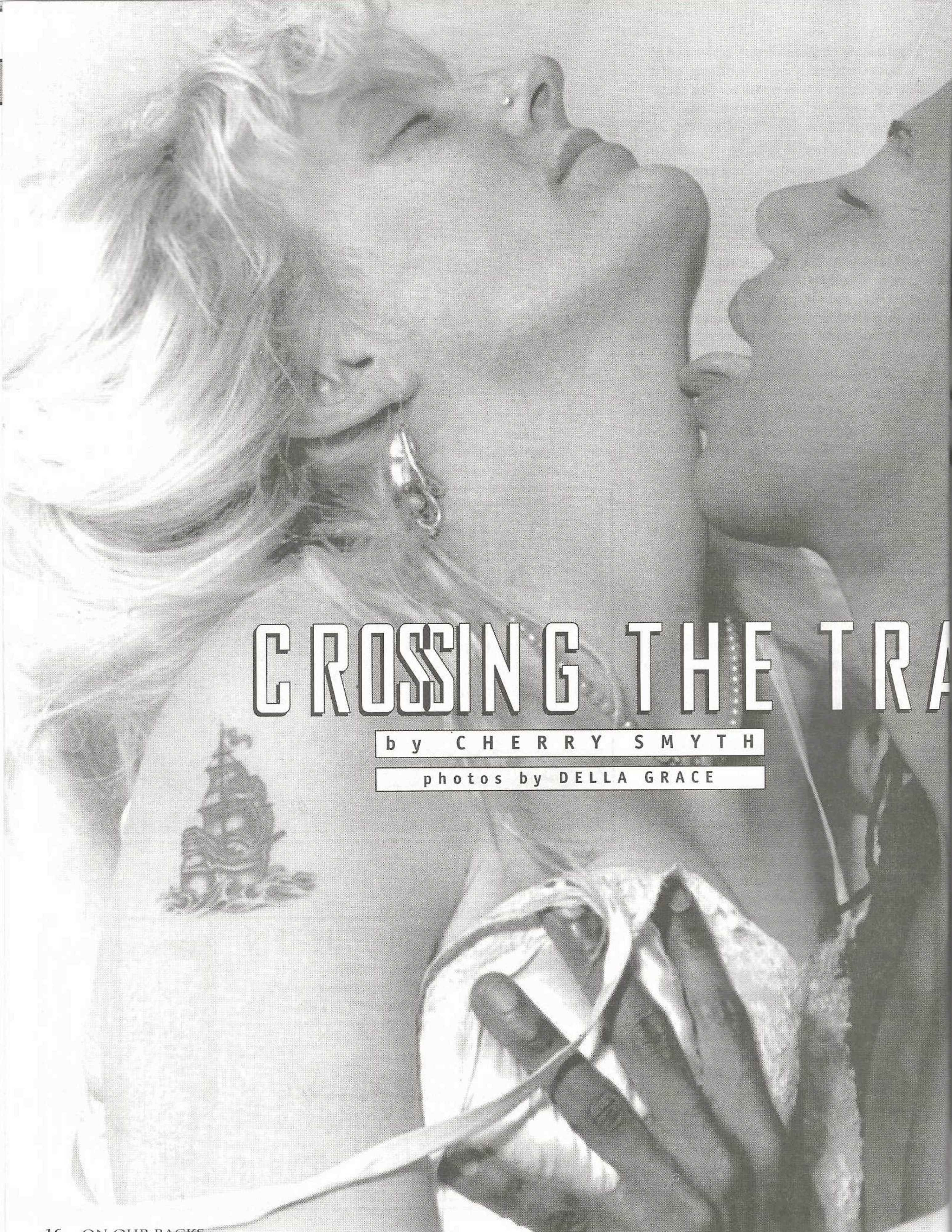
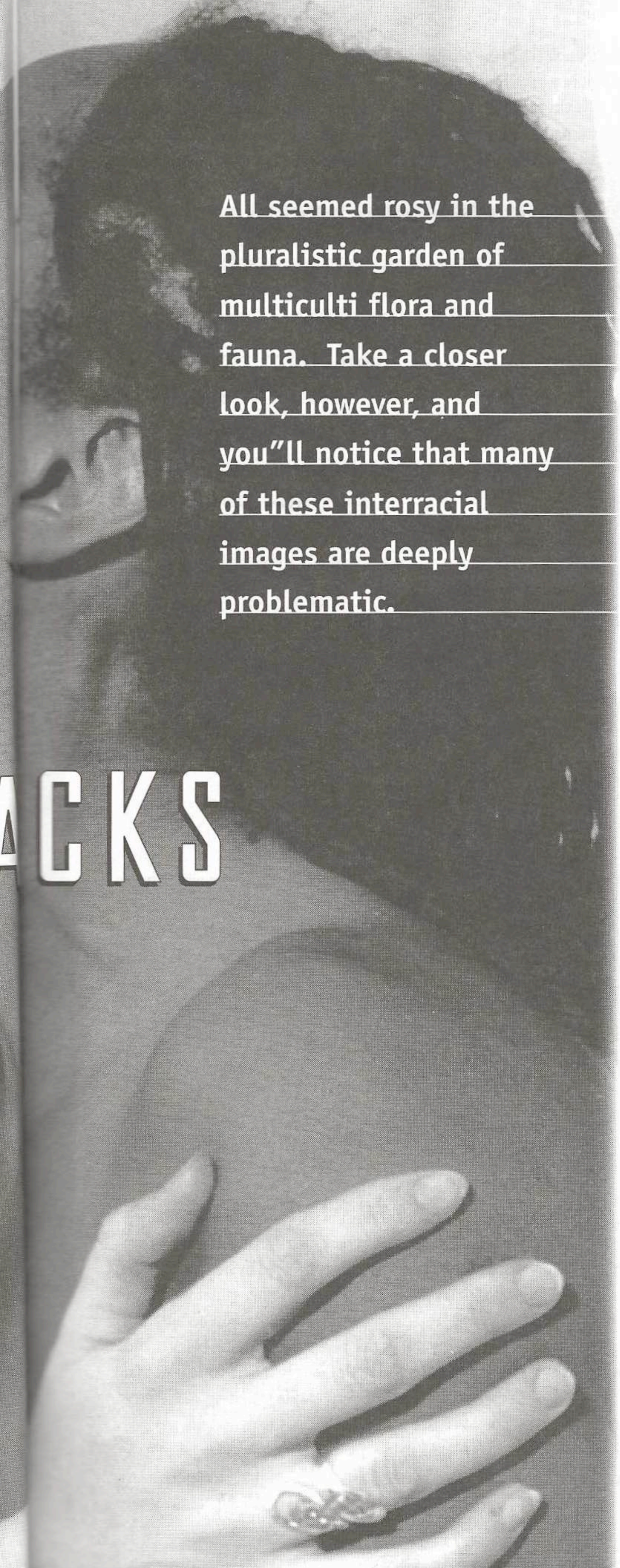


CROSSING THE TRA

by CHERRY SMYTH

photos by DELLA GRACE





> **All seemed rosy in the pluralistic garden of multiculti flora and fauna. Take a closer look, however, and you"ll notice that many of these interracial images are deeply problematic.**

INTERRACIAL SEX:

LOVE IS NOT (COLOR) BLIND

When Jackie Goldsby wrote in *Outlook* magazine in 1990 that 'dykes politicize race, gay men eroticize it,' it rang true. Gay men have developed a verbal code for cross-race desire, with terms like 'dinge queen,' 'snow queen' and 'rice queen,' evolving from slang that was considered offensive by the race-conscious, to an ironic celebration of what society still finds troubling. It seems that lesbians glorify diversity to such an extent that it objectifies race in as problematic a way as gay men do when they sexualize it. Racism in the white lesbian feminist movement encouraged separatism amongst black lesbians in the 80's, and then political correctness raised the stakes of silence and fear.

While lesbians still have no names for cross-racial attraction, the 90's have witnessed a relaxation of tension across race lines amongst some lesbians and a growing number of representations of black and white lesbian lovers. Safer sex videos such as *Safe is Desire, Current Flow* and *Well Sexy Women* abound with interracial lovers, while independent films like *Nocturne, Fresh Kill,* and the forthcoming *Fanci's Persuasion, The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love* and *Bar Girls* feature central interracial couples. Last year the British lesbian sex magazine *Quim* focused on black lesbians and a soap opera on British TV introduced an interracial couple.

This apparent surge of changing visibility led critic B. Ruby Rich to suggest in *Queer Looks* (Routledge, 1993) that "race occupies the place vacated by gender" and that racial difference is embraced to counterbalance sameness in same-sex relationships. She argues that queers bring a different dynamic to race than heteros and have the chance to develop a new way of perceiving difference.

All seemed rosy in the pluralistic garden of multiculti flora and fauna. Take a closer look, however, and you'll notice that many of these interracial images are deeply problematic. Often the white writer/directors reinforce the stereotype of the black woman as the political spokesperson *Fanci's Persuasion* or the infantalized child who needs the white woman's wisdom to show her the 'light' *Safe is Desire* and *Nocturne*. It seems as though these directors, in their attempt to be oblivious to color, simply reiterate their lack of knowledge of race politics. Interracial couples, as Inge Blackman points out in her riveting essay "White Girls Are Easy, Black Girls are Studs" (*Romance Revisited,* Routledge, 1995). are increasingly used to suggest that venues and events welcome woman of all races, when if fact they are "white," and are used in film to illustrate diversity of all lesbians, with no acknowledgment of cultural specifics. "Images of Black women," asserts Blackman, "are rare, and are assumed to address Black women only. They are seldom used to demonstrate diversity in the lesbian community, because White lesbians who cannot see themselves reflected back at them do not relate to these images."

What struck me about the filmic representations of interracial desire was how seldom race was ever discussed or even acknowledged between the lovers or in their social context. Few films or writings have explored how cross-racial couples deal with the tricky exchange of submission and dominance inherent in notions of Western sexuality. Do racial stereotypes effect our negotiations around sexual practice? For all our explosive discussions around sex in the late 80's and rebellions against prescriptive white and black feminism, how often did debates about femme-butch, sub-dom, bottom-top, interrogate the complex dynamic of race?

I wanted to pry open the cosy Bennetton image of plurality promoted by

the movies, the posters and talk about the prickly, nitty-gritty of racial difference and desire. I asked different women how racial stereotypes like sexual prowess of women of African descent, exotic passivity for Asian women and sluttishness for white women effect their sexuality. One woman made distinct links between her color and her visibility as a dyke. "One can't pass as black in general and I brought that same insight to my sexuality. I don't want to pass. I'm conscious of myself as butch. I reject the idea of racial stereotypes - as if there were no African femmes!" Another found issues of sexual dominance with an ex-lover compounded by her whiteness. "Our power dynamics were about more than race. Sometimes I didn't want to hear. It was pronounced and confused by me being a femme top. What came up (and ironically is coming up with my current white girlfriend) is how I'm seen in the world - bodacious, blonde, white, having big tits, being femme. I'm seen as having a certain power in that. That's what attracted her in the first place and her ambivalence about my persona was to do with how she was feeling." "I'm not butch or femme, but I'm very conscious of the black stud image and my dildo is very big. I showed it to a black male friend and he was very upset,'God, that's big!'" There is a common complaint from black lesbians about always being perceived as butch by white women as though fighting racism, sexism and homophobia requires a super strength that can only be perceived as 'masculine'. One woman experienced what amounts to racial and sexual abuse from a lover "'who couldn't see femaleness in blackness. She not only expected me to be male and her bodyguard, but to be stone butch, which I'm not." Another femme felt caught between different sexual and racial stereotypes. "I've perhaps unconsciously tried not to be a sexy mama figure. I always thought I was butch because the only black lesbians I saw were butch. Femme black women were invisible to me." Cultural differences also determine how women of color are read. "I'm Spanish and olive-skinned. I'm seen as a bloke in France, but here it's easier to be androgynous. I see my energy as vitally female, but it's read as butch in this country." Classic English repression takes some getting used to ."'I've always been in a butch role and I don't know if that's because I've always been with white women. Active sexual desire is mostly interpreted as butch. In Trinidadian culture, people are more direct about sexuality, so perhaps it's more culturally defined." Everyone I spoke to agreed that butch and femme are universal roles, but that dress, attitude and gestures are culturally specific and can be misread in a predominantly white culture.

There is a common complaint from black lesbians about always being perceived as butch by white women as though fighting racism, sexism and homophobia requires a super strength that can only be perceived as 'masculine.'

Intricacies of cruising are more elaborate for most black women in mixed clubs. They all expressed caution about who they would pick up, checking they were race-conscious before taking them home. One woman was irritated by her evangelical white lover playing reggae to "make her feel at home." Another said it was easy to detect racist overcompensation. "You can tell if someone likes you because you're black, or they like you. They'll say things that reveal they have no black friends or stupid things like, 'You're not really black.' Or they make sure you know that they have other black friends or mention very 'ethnic-sounding' names like 'Rashida' to make it more obvious."

How does erotic name-calling and role-playing incorporate racial difference? Can ironic parody work as catharsis for pain around racism in the way it does for some women around sexual abuse? I found that women into SM were more willing to discuss limits and had worked to establish remarkable trust around these issues.

Humor defuses racist stereotypes. Like when my black lover brings tea into the room in a very servile manner. It's also a top-bottom thing, with both of us sending it up. I don't ever call her 'slave,' although I have called white women that."

"Sometimes I don't mind playing around my color, like saying 'massa.' I don't think I could do it with a man. Because the master wasn't a white working class woman, perhaps it's easier for me. Sometimes I can be a black whore and my lover plays some butch male role. I initiated it and at the beginning my lover really held back until we trusted each other."

You take the stereotype, inflate it and diffuse it, but the boundaries have to be clear. "You can play on the stereotypes in a completely unsound way. I don't want her to think of me as a big black stud who is a drug dealer with a gold tooth on the street, but in bed it's different."

While some couples did not feel comfortable with submissive-dominance roles, others did not see the black partner's desire to be submissive as a symptom of her internalized racism. "I've always had a very strong sense of self. People look at SMers as though they're demons, but they're so scared about topping me and saying something out of place. It's a difficult thing being a black woman venturing into that scene, but most SMers are ultra right on because they've had to defend themselves. I have had to suppress my desire to bring race into a scene when I'm topping a white woman. Traditionally I'm the one who should be down there. But I don't bring it up for fear of being seen as taking out my bitterness and history on someone. It would take an enormous amount of trust."

Another woman had taken a long time to be able to be submissive at all. "It's quite amazing for me to be vulnerable to a white woman and to own it. What's new for me is not doing it but being able to talk about it afterwards without embarrassment. I'm happy about surrendering power. I was fed up with being the one who made love to the other. But here is something anomalous about fighting to be powerful and then desiring to be not powerful. I don't need to be ashamed or think it's strictly a function of race because it isn't. I do desire humiliation but racial difference is never a part of that."

With all the talk about gender drag, girls playing daddies, sistas as misters, there has been little discussion of cultural drag, how fascination with difference is incorporated into sexual fantasies. Can we perform culture in a similar way? With the pressure to assimilate into white culture and the danger of wearing ethnically-different clothing in the street, surely there must be a charge in dressing, undressing across a rich mix of culturally specific clothes? "We go into disguises and stylized characters,

QUEER PORN
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I discovered leather sex, the joys of driving a motorcycle cross country stoned on mescaline and dykes who knew how to fuck. That's when I started taking photographs and began to find a way to make my life and my art synonymous.

At first I thought I was a documentary photographer. Then I realized there was more to it than that. I was creating the situations that allowed the photographs to happen. LOVE BITES was published in 1991, in London, and I was labeled a pornographer, (a profession I believe to be noble, but at that time inaccurate). In America, US Customs seized, tried to destroy, then released the first shipment. In Canada, the offending pictures, called the Ruff Sex Series, are sliced out of the book before it is sold. In Britain, the book is sold in mainstream book shops but not in Women's, Lesbian or our Gay Community Bookstores. The photographs in LOVE BITES represent a small and imperfectly formed subculture of sexual deviants, lascivious lesbians and gender bending perverts. Scary? I suppose...

So, after fifteen years of creating images of lesbian desire, I have decided to take up the challenge of pornography. Rest assured, I won't be asking anyone to do anything I won't be doing myself. It is time to put myself in the picture and live a truly symbiotic life. QUEER PORN FOR QUEER PEOPLE is a video Porn Pilot that I'm hoping will reach those moist and delicious inner recesses of your desire regardless of your current gender or sexual positionings. Wait for it. (Showing as part of Firenze's Queer Film Fest, 3rd March 1995.)

– Della Grace

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with drapes, pieces of cloth, saris. There is an exoticization going on. She can be an Arab Sheik and I can be a Pakistani sailor. I've felt quite uncomfortable in the exoticizing but in a way that's my internal racism and right on-ness stopping me. Being mixed race I don't give myself full permission to claim these images as my own. It's fear of misappropriation even though the source is always from our own cultures."

"I sometimes identify with a culture that isn't my own. I've gone through Jewish culture as a fantasy. My Jewish lover liked to see me as an orthodox Jewish boy."

"I don't feel comfortable wearing a sari. I feel like it's drag. I might want an Asian lover to wear one and to slowly unwrap her, but I prefer my white lover in lingerie and frills."

These relationships, like other socially unsanctioned relationships are brave, uncomfortable, sticky, sublime, ordinary, extraordinary. Race matters, but most women I interviewed stressed that they didn't see their lover as "white," as "black." One insisted that "it's a problem if racial difference dominates as though there were no other differences to negotiate." Relationships between black and white women are no more important or significant than relationships between middle class and working class women, or older and younger women. We're always having to negotiate the particular and the general. If equality is not the basis, there is no relationship.

Relationships between black and white women are no more important or significant than relationships between middle class and working class women, or older and younger women.

Many of the women I interviewed said that race became more apparent when they were in public, in the countryside or on holiday in mostly white European countries. Most agreed that being lesbian was still more difficult than being black and white women together and like being queer, you don't think about it all the time.

One incident, however, revealed the precarious, contradictory realities of being an interracial dyke couple on the street. "Once this drunk guy comes up to us and goes, 'hey white motherfucker, let go of her hand' and my white lover yelled back, 'oh you ol' black mother fucker, leave us alone.' I didn't know what to do. He was stunned and they both started laughing."

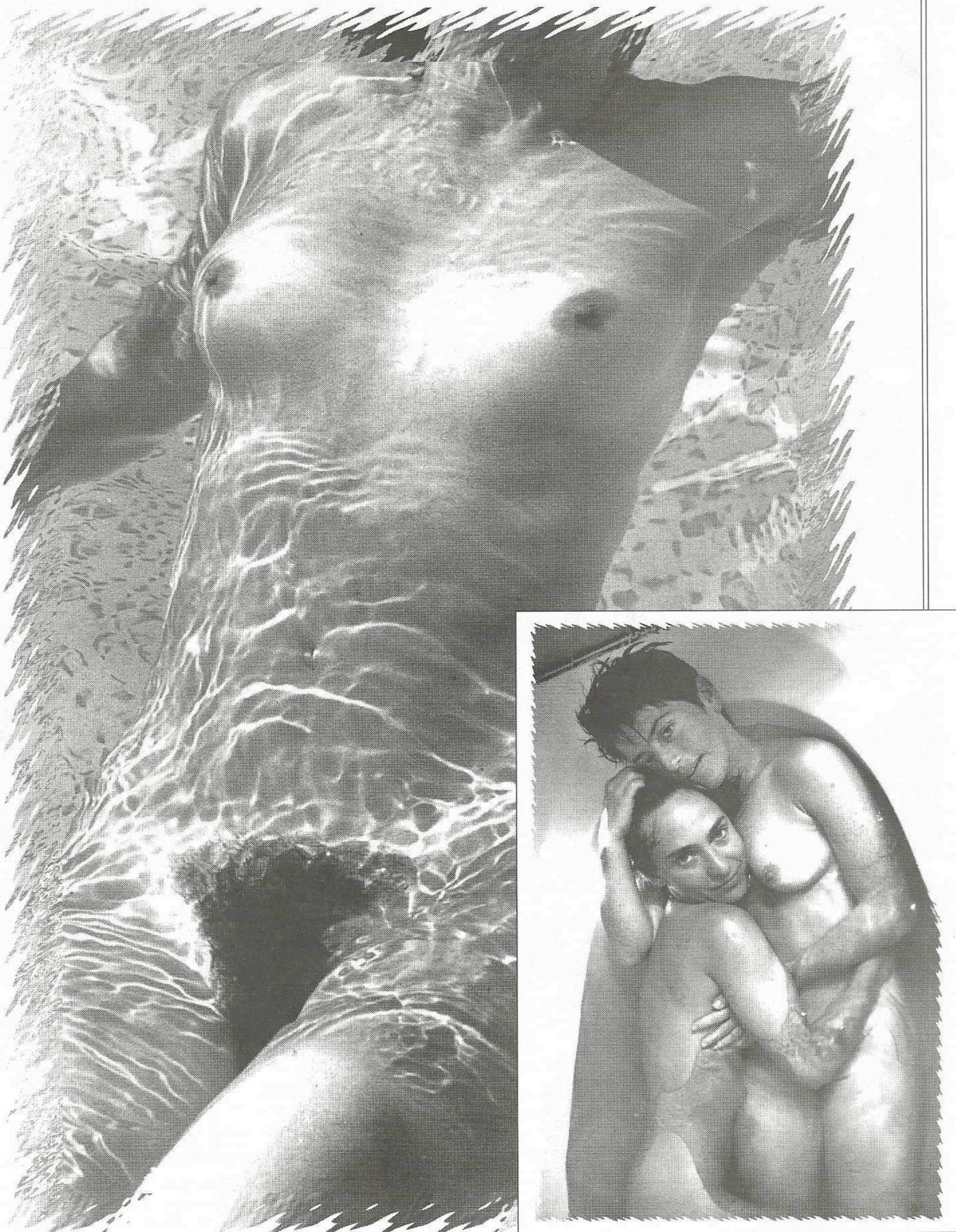
Was the white woman racist? Was she speaking for her black lover and therefore disempowering her? Was she butch and felt protective and therefore justified against his homophobia? Did the drunk say that because they were women holding hands, or did he perceive the white butch as a man? Or is there a moment where the dynamic history of racism and sexism collapse, where power and oppression are canceled out and mutual respect can be won? It's a moment we recognize with nervous laughter, then relief. Let's see that in a movie.

Note: In Britain, the term 'black' means those of African, African-Caribbean and Asian descent. We don't use the term women of color very much.

Waterbabies

WATERBABIES

photos by mariette pathy allen



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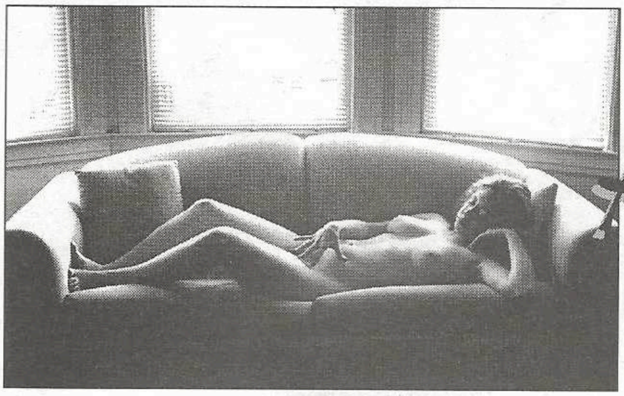

photo: Victoria Heilweil

Having Holly

by THEA HILLMAN

IT WAS SO HOT. CAN I JUST SAY IT WAS THE HOTTEST SEX I'VE EVER HAD WITH A WOMAN— PRACTICALLY FULLY CLOTHED THE ENTIRE TIME? AS GOOD AS THE BEST BOY SEX I'VE EVER HAD. EXCEPT IT WAS HOLLY.

Maybe it started when I could crack sexual innuendos, and she fired them right back; She was nasty too. Or showing up at her birthday. We were the only women wearing flowing skirts in a room full of argyle and crew necks. Or her room. The pillows on her bed—flushed peach and blue, red—pastel, but not shallow; light. Embracing. A flash of me holding Holly on that bed was how I realized I was attracted to women. And more specifically, Holly.

So is she going to call or what?

Years of moving around ensue, but somehow we stay close. I come out to her via airmail. She writes back she is, too. She flirts with me over the phone. Goes to a wedding nearby and is too busy to call. She's scared, I think.

I mean, it wouldn't be so weird if we hadn't gotten together.

Another year goes by. Then we see each other. I've changed a lot. She's intimidated. I think, good, I'm not attracted to her anymore. I go to dinner to meet her mom, her aunt, her grandparents. And it's all so innocent that we drink wine, and I make her family laugh, and they like me, and I'm sleeping over.

If only she didn't stroke me afterward, caressing me with so much tenderness.

After dinner, lying in her highschool pink ruffled bed, teenage girls at a sleep-over, I wonder why we keep returning to the subject of sex. And why when her lover calls and she breaks their date, she lets him wonder what's going to happen that night.

I tell her I'd rather have my hair played with than be fucked.

Cuddling, friends, "non-sexual" of course. She holds me. It's nicer than I ever could have imagined to be held by Holly. She jokes about how beautiful our children would be. My head against her breast. Her fingers in my hair.

Neither of us is taking responsibility.

Excrutiatingly, strokes lengthen. Fingers stray close to sensitive ears. Fingers splay open over faces. Hands slip under T-shirts. Hair is tugged. Strokes are held—hesitating—then deepening. Strong hands are complimented. Little moans escape. Bigger moans escape. Bodies shift. And it's not so suddenly that I realize sexual is happening with Holly. And the girls who usually have so much to say to each other are silent.

I don't want to be sexual with Holly unless I can knock her socks off.

Years of wanting, denying wanting, unconscious jealousy, and fear fill my fingers as they love Holly. The same love that's always been there, open, that's no longer being mentioned, that's completely different now, or might be.

We scratch, using nails through scalps, down necks.

I can't seem to do anything wrong. Holly moves with every touch, and all I want to do is keep her moaning with my "non-sexual" strokes. Her head is tilted back, mouth open. I'm too scared to make a sound; she might stop running her fingers through my hair, might stop getting closer and closer to my breasts as she rubs my back. The only thing I'm thinking is come on, bitch, stick your fingers in my cunt, bitch, touch my breast. Over and over, until she finally does make a move. I tighten my legs around hers and let my fingers dig in.

We don't kiss. That would make it real.

We grind. Rubbing through underwear, boxers. Rip T-shirts off. Don't talk. Grab asscheeks. Bite, hard. Scratch. Sweat so hard we slide against each other as we clutch and push our bodies as close as they can get. I want her so badly; I enjoy sliding fingers along her asshole. All I want is to make her come. For her to see how hot we are.

She's told me she loves me, but she's never called me amazing before.

And she's close to coming. And we stop. Holding each other, stray hairs clinging to our sweat, we laugh. She speaks first, whether you like it or not, you're soft and sweet.

I call first. She says she's happy it happened. She'll call me later on in the week.

Phrases fill my head like you know I'm not expecting anything. I know Holly's track record with women, and it scares me. But she's glowing, and stroking me with so much care, that I decide to expect the best from her. I'm just not sure what that is, and I worry because it's clear to me that I could fall in love with Holly.

She still hasn't called.

And I call her. She isn't stressed or upset. I take this as a bad sign. I cook dinner. She makes sure I know she put on lipstick after she got off BART, on her way to my apartment. She brings me flowers and asks me when I grew breasts.

Holly, what is it about you that makes me write?

I think of calling her in New York sometimes. Urgent. Because she might get married at any time. Because I need to tell her how much I love her. Because I am in love with her.

Writing Holly is having Holly.

But I don't. And I can't seem to write to her. So I use her name. Write her. Because in writing Holly I am loving Holly.

Again and again. ⁂

ANNIE SPRINKLE'S POST MODERN PIN-UPS:

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So how did I end up photo-graphing these particular women? Some are my closest friends, some are/were lovers, some were house guests from out of town, others called me and asked me to photograph them. If there was someone I wanted to meet, I'd invite them to pose; doing a nude photo session is a great way to get to know people, much more fun, intimate and bonding than going out to dinner. I always tried to maintain integrity in my work as a pin-up photographer. I never manipulated anyone into doing anything they didn't want to do. If I had the sense that they might be sorry later, or that they wanted to hide their identity, or they really didn't want to do it, then I wouldn't work with them.

–Annie Sprinkle

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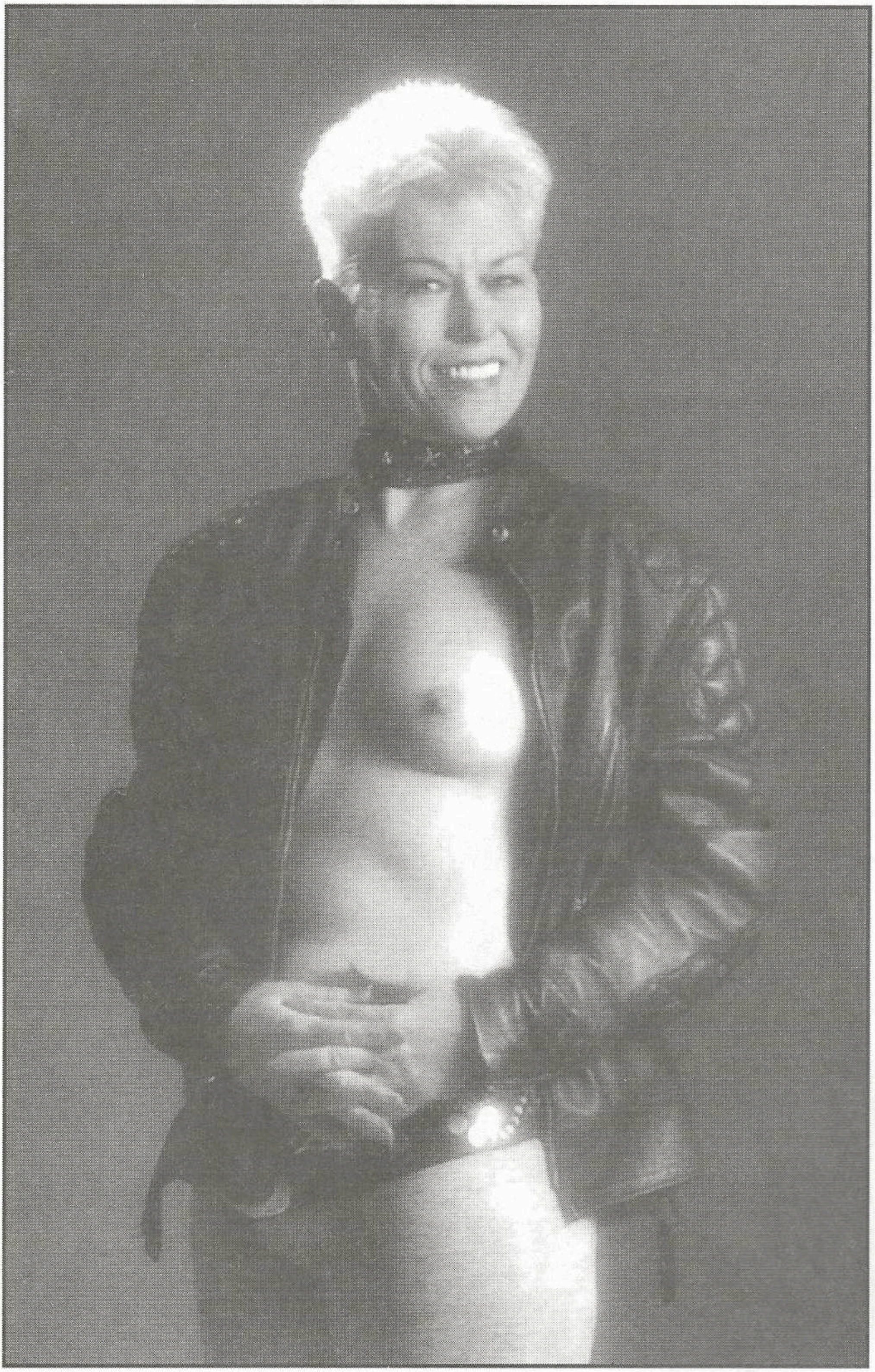


The Mother of Masturbation

◆
J

ANGEL BABY
2 ♦
The Happy Stripper B
SUSIE BRIGHT
10 ♦
Sexpert Scribe
TRACY MOSTEVOY
9 ♠
The Dyke From Hell
SCARLOT HARLOT
10 ♥
Multi-Media Whore

Passion Play

photos by Rebeccah

FICTION

the Old Fashioned way

by Lucy Jane Bledsoe

> "That's right. I'm gonna shove this whale up —"

When I got home, my roommate Erika was hard at work at her typewriter. She sure put in the hours on her writing, I had to give her that. Erika is a twenty-three year old sex radical. She hates anything associated with 70's feminism, including Frye boots and flannel shirts, and is multiply-pierced. Her favorite phrase is "sex positive."

"How's the single gal," she asked, ogling me with great exaggeration.

I laughed. At least she had a sense of humor. "Lonely," I said.

She raised an eyebrow. "Miss Nancy?"

Yeah." I missed her a lot.

"I know a good way to relieve loneliness."

"Erika, honey, are you trying—again—to seduce me?"

I'm not shy."

"I know. But you're young enough to be my daughter."

Ha! If you gave birth at thirteen."

"Happens every day."

I could teach you a few tricks that might come in handy as you start dating again."

You're that skilled?"

She looked down at the keys of her typewriter, tapped one a couple times. "I've been around."

Whose bed?"

Her head jerked up. "What?"

"Whose bed? Yours or mine? Or would you rather use the stove top? Burners on or off?"

I wished I could have preserved the look on her face just then. A mix of fear and incredulity. That look made me sincere about wanting to go to bed with her. Under all that sex radical paraphernalia, Erika was a real sweetheart.

She pulled her image together quickly and responded, "I have some great toys in my room."

I hesitated, then said, "Okay." I felt like a coach was about to introduce me to the equipment in a new gym.

Now?" she asked.

I might lose my nerve later," I said, playing up to her show of sophistication.

She smiled indulgently. "It won't hurt a bit," she teased. "Come on." She led me by the hand to her bedroom.

"One rule," I warned.

"What?" She adjusted her face so that it was open, accepting.

"No gerbils."

"Get out of here," she said, pushing me onto her bed.

She stood looking down at me and I laughed. I said, "I don't know if I can kiss my roommate, you know?"

Who said anything about kissing?"

I laid back. Okay, this twenty-three year old kid wanted to run the show. Fine. I was tired.

Erika stripped off her oversized jeans and lumberjack shirt. She wore no bra or underpants. I saw a bit of silver glinting in her pubic hair. I winced at the thought of her pierced clit. What if I snagged the ring and tore it off or something?

I didn't make any moves to take off my own clothes. This was Erika's show. She sat on the bed and ran a hand from my throat down to my belly. I wished the touch had given me some kind of buzz, but it hadn't. She unbuttoned my shirt quickly and pulled it off my shoulders, then unzipped my jeans and left them on me.

Next Erika opened a drawer by her bed and started pulling out "toys." I closed my eyes and listened to the appliances clank as she tossed them on the bed. Please don't tie me up, I thought. I really didn't want to be tied up. What was wrong with good old-fashioned sex? Did it really take her a cabinet full of high-tech appliances to get off?

"Can I undress?" I finally asked.

Sure." Erika stood back to watch. I undid my black lace bra and dropped it to the floor. Erika swallowed. I raised my hips to pull my jeans off my butt. My panties came with them. Then I posed for her, propping myself up on one elbow, extending one leg straight out and crooking the other leg up so that my vulva opened.

"You're beautiful," she said, her voice croaking. For the first time, she didn't sound as if she were speaking from a script.

"When are you gonna stop readying your tools and get to work on me?"

She swallowed again. "Close your eyes," she said, so I did. She sounded like she was saddling up a horse. Finally she said, "Okay."

I opened my eyes. First I looked into Erika's eyes which were hot green and defiant. She held her mouth, with its very full and very red lips, in a snarl position. Her hands were planted firmly on her narrow hips. "My god," I shrieked, bucking straight up on the bed, "that's a whale sticking out of your pussy."

"That's right. I'm gonna shove this whale up—"

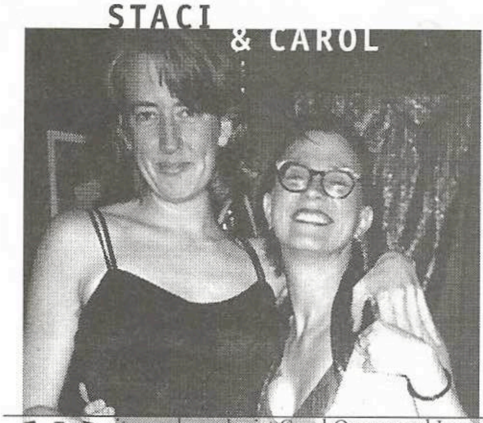
"Oh, no, you're not," I interrupted quickly. "A lavender whale up my vagina is not my idea of—"

"Loosen up, Liz," Erika said, climbing onto the bed with me.

"E-li-za-beth," I said, feeling very tired. "My name is four syllables long."

"To me you're just my whore, my sexy trashy little whore."

(continued on page 44)



COMPLICATING CONSENT

The Yes's the No's and the Maybe's

STACI HAINES

Writer and sexologist Carol Queen and I sat down to discuss some recent controversies which arose surrounding Pat Califia's latest book, *Public Sex*. Here are some of the highlights of our passionate, and at times difficult, conversation.

Staci: The first part of Pat Califia's book, Public Sex , talks about age of consent, NAMBLA, child pornography and censorship. This is the stuff we want to sink our teeth into today, Carol, where do you want to start?

Carol: Pat's argument in *Public Sex* is that the prevalence of child porn has been exaggerated both to censor pornography in general, and to target gay men as possible pedophiles. The government will send out flyers saying "young lovely cuties" or "cute little boys" to people who they suspect might order this stuff. The presumption is that folks willing to look at this stuff will also be willing to abuse kids. As a sexologist, I'm not sure this connection can always be made.

Today few of us think of gay men being harassed by the government when discussing NAMBLA. And I want to bring that point back into the discussion. As we argued back when NAMBLA was first started, "Let's talk about the real child abuse statistics." Who gets jailed versus who doesn't? Any jury would rather convict a NAMBLA member than somebody's Dad.

Staci: Now that's the truth. One of the ways that queers have been targeted is by labeling us as "child molesters." Using that stereotype, the government or Right -wing organizations can easily attack the Queer community. I think we ourselves can become very paranoid of that label .

As I was reading Public Sex, though, I was uneasy with the lack of acknowledgment of real child sexual abuse. If the current statistics of child sexual abuse range around 1 in 3 girls and 1 in 5 boys, we cannot overlook this when talking about intergenerational sex and consent. True, the majority of these abuses are happening within one's family and home. But I would have found Pat's arguments supporting NAMBLA more potent if information regarding child sexual abuse had been included along side her other points.

I also got nervous that some of her pieces could also be used by backlash organizations such as the False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF), to push sexual abuse survivors back into the closet. Organizations like FMSF work to invalidate accounts of child sexual abuse by relying on accounts of abuse that have been unsubstantiated, like the one Pat Califia uses as an example in her book. I was concerned that her pieces could be used to support society's denial of incest and ritual abuse. Sexual abuse survivors are still fighting to gain access to the legal system for recourse.

I think we need to be aware that intergenerational relationships are complicated. But I think it is dangerous to give them the stamp of approval without acknowledging the real experiences of abuse going on. I want to see the issue of consent continue to be complicated to reflect all the different kinds of sexual situations kids are in.

Carol: When Pat wrote, I think she felt she differentiated very clearly between abuse and consensual sex. She's not writing about abuse as an issue. She wrote to uncover the ways that intergenerational relationships were portrayed as pedophilia and used to promote homophobia. Her writing leaves the highly volatile topic of abuse exposed and then not sewn back up again. NAMBLA has been portrayed as a group that condones sexual abuse, but when the essays were written in 1980 we didn't equate intergenerational sex with abuse. So many people had come out within intergenerational relationships.

Staci: Carol, say more about that...

Carol: I co-founded a gay youth organization in 1976. Several of us had older lovers. We looked to those relationships for role models and community. Now that more young gay people have the opportunity for peer support, perhaps there's less emotional need to have relationships with older mentors. But some of us just desire older people, the excitement and growth potential in stepping out of your peer group.

NAMBLA was formed after several gay men in Boston who had teenaged lovers were busted. Some of the older men were jailed, some of the younger men went to juvenile detention - jail for sexually "incorrigible" youth.

Around this time a man came to the Gay Alliance I headed to ask for help. His lover was 15. Although the boy's mother had accepted their relationship, she decided she wanted to have sex with the gay man, and when he refused, she had him arrested. He went to prison. We could do nothing. This is the sort of situation that spawned NAMBLA.

Carol: When Pat wrote, I think she felt she differentiated very clearly between abuse and consensual sex.

Staci: Ideally issues of consent and power should be considered in any sexual encounter. The discussion of consent and power becomes particularly important when we talk about teens and adults because of the difference in the amount of autonomy and control over one's life each person has. In the examples you just mentioned, you are talking about teens engaging in sexual relationships with adults. I feel differently about them than I do about an adult engaging in sex with a prepubescent child. Pedophilia by definition is adults engaging in sex with pre-pubescent children. Empowered consent involves those involved being able to consider the consequences of the situation, alongside their own needs. I do not think that a four or an eight year old can thoroughly assess for themselves the consequences of being sexual with an adult alongside their own needs, or as an equal to an adult.

Despite how hard it is to sort all this out, many of us were having consensual sex with adults when we were teenagers.

Carol: Sometimes youth act out their growing independence in the sexual arena with older people. "I want this, it's going to help me grow up, I want this person, I want the pleasure" is a very different approach to sex than "I don't have the power

(continued on page 35)

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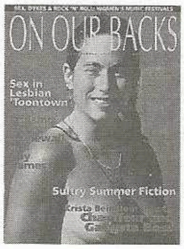

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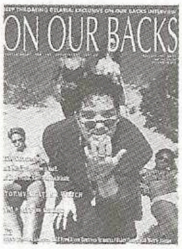

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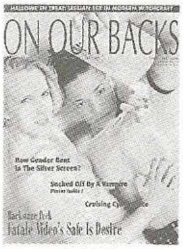

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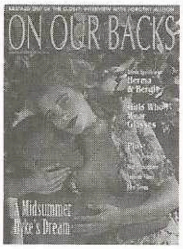

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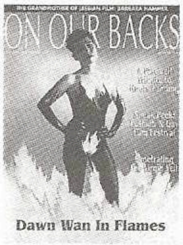

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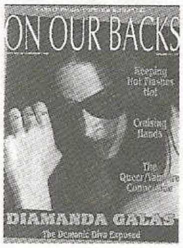

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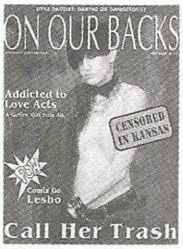

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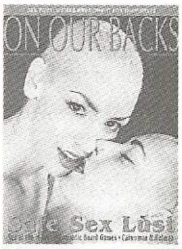

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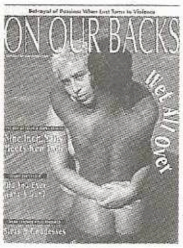

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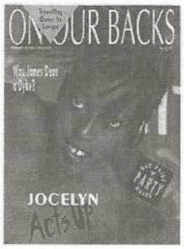

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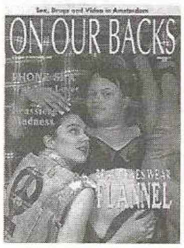

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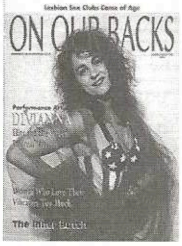

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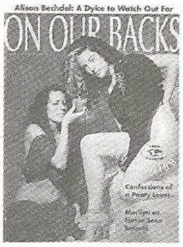

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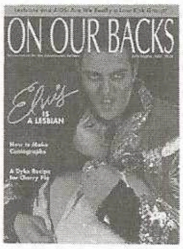

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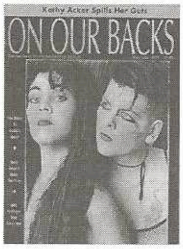

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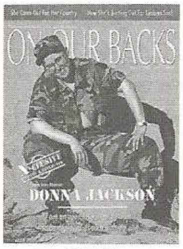

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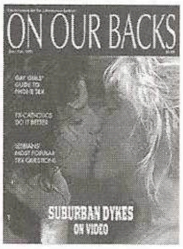

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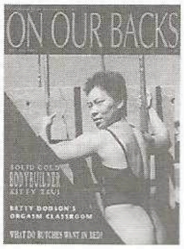

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(WET SPOT continued from page 33)

here." One person's sexuality can include consensual and enthusiastic and nonconsensual and abusive components. It's so important to listen to other peoples' stories, giving them space to have had both consensual and nonconsensual histories, positive and negative experiences.

When we try to communicate about things that one of us has experienced that the other one hasn't, it's so hard to avoid projecting how I would have felt in that situation. We really need to listen to each other. The more respectful our disagreement, the greater our possibility to move toward one another and to understand .

Staci: Yes, I agree. Some of these areas of discussion can involve such deep personal experiences, that really listening to one another becomes imperative. Carol, I am also wondering about NAMBLA's position on the age of consent.

Carol: Some NAMBLA members propose a lower age, some want to abolish it altogether.

Some NAMBLA members haven't had sex with underage people and don't want to - they had sexual experiences with older men when they were underage. They value that part of their history. Some - not all - NAMBLA members prefer pre-pubescent boys. But NAMBLA members have been portrayed as older men who like pre-pubescent boys no matter what. NAMBLA makes many people in our community uncomfortable because queers are so often called child molesters.

When we push NAMBLA further out of our community it minimizes the chance that we all actually dialogue, or even that the people that disagree within NAMBLA can talk with one another.

Staci: One of the complicated pieces concerning consent, is that often during coerced sexual abuse part of the coercion is one getting talked into "consenting." The situation then looks like one's "choice" when there was really no other "choice" possible. It is very difficult when a child's choice is between losing (real or perceived) love from a parent or adult, or sustaining some emotional or physical threat, and surviving by "consenting" to something you don't want to do. Many survivors carry the burden of having "wanted it" or "asked for it" when they actually had no real choice in the situation.

I think many of us, whether we are survivors or not, are trying to figure out how to say "yes", "no", and "maybe" to sex long into adulthood. This is the fault of a sex negative society as well as histories of sexual abuse. But, as you implied earlier it is still not the sex that is as fault rather the nonconsensuality that makes it abuse.

Carol: When I was fifteen my lover was twice my age. My partner could have gone to jail. I could have been incarcerated also. I had to keep this an absolute secret from everyone. I relate emotionally to this issue because I know that we could have ended up like the guys whose predicament founded NAMBLA.

Intergenerational relationships can be consensual. The argument that says youth can't consent is insulting to youth. The older partner, with more power, needs to balance it with respect and accountability. The adult has to be trustworthy. It's that simple. I was willing to have sex with some people a lot older than me, but some older folks were just icky - I had a sense they didn't see me or respect me and I didn't want to be sexual with them.

Staci: Yes, I know of more than one story like yours. Hearing It helps to tease out the differences between consensual and non consensual experiences. When I was 17, a friend of my father's attempted to have sex with me. The differences between your story and mine are obvious. This man, whom I did have some level of trust with, invited me to dinner at his hotel and then up to his hotel room to get his jacket. He closed and locked his hotel room door behind me, and turned off the light. He proceeded to spend the next 3 hours trying to talk me into having sex with him. I said "no" for those three hours, until I could convince him to take me home. The amusing kicker to this story was that when he finally got that I wasn't going to fuck him (and I suppose he decided he wasn't going to use force) he switched tactics all together. He said that the entire evening and invitation to have sex had actually been a test from

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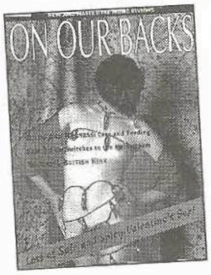
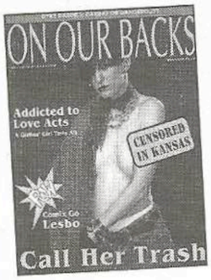
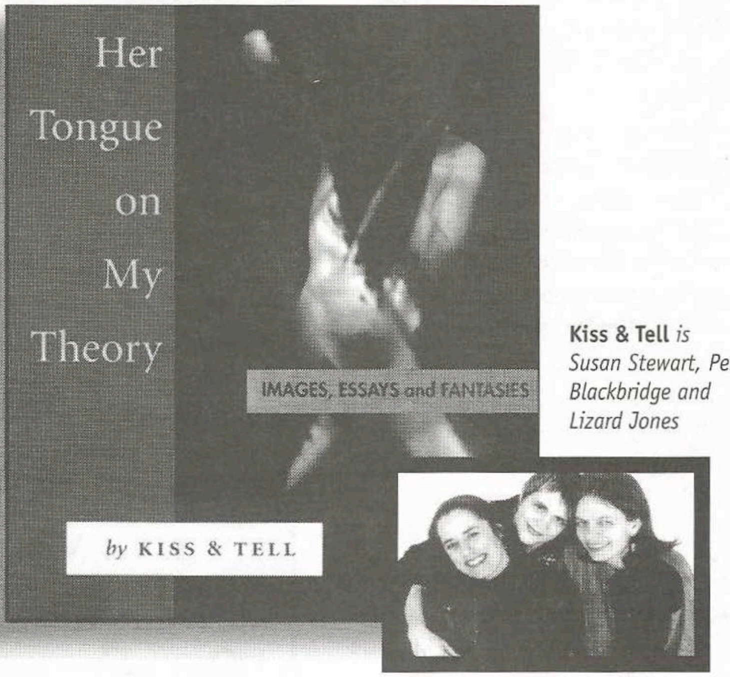






Kiss & Tell *is Susan Stewart, Persimmon Blackbridge and Lizard Jones*

Her Tongue On My Theory

by Kiss & Tell, Press Gang Publishers, 1994

Reviewed by Sabrina McCardel

At first glance, *Her Tongue On My Theory* appears to be just another artsy-fartsy coffee table book, but unwrap that cellophane girls, and you will have uncovered a treasure! Finally, we have an intelligent representation of sexual imagery for lesbians that combines the pleasures of reading, thinking, looking, (and afterwards for me, much masturbating). Chock full of intense erotica, hot photos, and thought provoking essays, *Her Tongue On My Theory* is truly a multi-media work of art that will feed your mind, body and soul.

Kiss & Tell, a collective of Canadian performance artists Susan Stewart, Persimmon Blackbridge, and Lizard Jones toured cities on three continents with *Drawing The Line* (an interactive exhibit of lezzie sex photos) and created *Her Tongue On My Theory* out of the many discussions that followed their public speaking gigs. Thankfully, a friend convinced them to turn these late night talks into essays and make a book out of them. Not an easy task, especially when you have to battle with Canadian Customs. Inconceivable to me, (a happily sequestered Castro dyke), is the fact that if this book had been produced outside of Canada, it probably would be seized and held at the border. Books are a primary target for censorship because they have the power to reach so many people, and for that reason alone *Her Tongue On My Theory* is a major accomplishment.

Not only does it raise questions about censorship, it also tackles the debate over pornography. They point out our interesting choice of words to describe something that turns us on. If we like it, it's considered erotica, if it offends us, we call it porn. Call it whatever you like, these stories that accompany the insightful essays had me dripping.

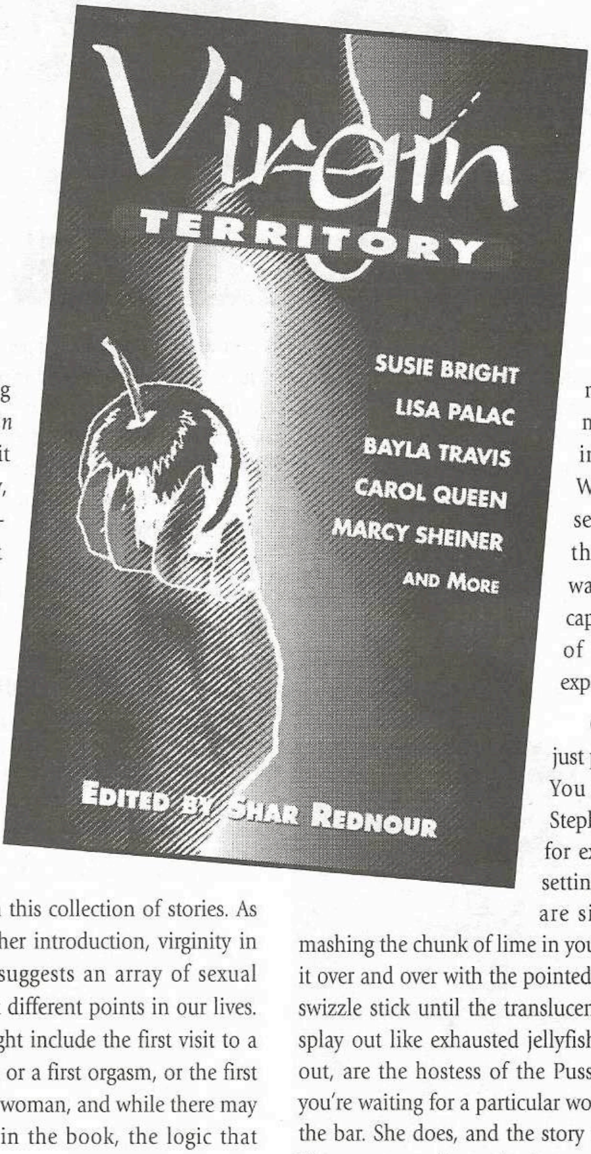
While it would be impossible to represent all lesbians, Kiss & Tell know that their voices (as three, white, non-fat, able bodied women) are only a tiny piece of the proverbial pie.

Without arrogance, *Her Tongue On My Theory* speaks volumes on sex, censorship, and the religious right's backlash against queer culture and serves its purpose: to open up a dialogue between women loving women and turn us on. This book is important, meaningful and alive. A must to read, look at and savor.

Virgin Territory

edited by Shar Rednour, Masquerade Books, 1995

Reviewed by Holly Willis



The best thing about *Virgin Territory* is that it politely, but firmly, debunks the assumption that the event marking the transition from sexual neophyte to the indoctrinated entails a biological dick and a ripped hymen. Not so, claims editor Shar Rednour, who opts instead to "undefine" the term with this collection of stories. As Rednour explains in her introduction, virginity in its expanded sense suggests an array of sexual boundaries crossed at different points in our lives. These boundaries might include the first visit to a sex club, for example, or a first orgasm, or the first fuck with a particular woman, and while there may be a hymen or two in the book, the logic that makes intercourse with a man the moment of passage is disregarded.

The stories in *Virgin Territory* share a sense of trepidation mixed with desire,uncertainty surpassed by pure lust, and sometimes even despair and confusion. In "Far from Home," for example, Bett Williams describes a girl's first sexual encounter—"I felt a tongue, wet and hot, between my legs and an ache that felt like pissing. Sadie's tongue licked hard and rhythmically..." The fact that Sadie is a dog adds another dimension to the story, but the real focus is on the narrator's sense of betrayal by her friend with whom she has just discovered the "hot and nasty" details of sex. "My body was wide open to the air, to the heat," she writes. "Her cruel words that usually would have made me angry made me dissolve inside with grief." With carefully chosen words and just the slightest awkwardness, Williams captures the anguish of the young girl's experience.

Other stories are just plain sexy. "Where You Want to Be," by Stephanie Rosenbaum, for example, opens by setting the scene: "You are sitting at the bar mashing the chunk of lime in your gimlet, stabbing it over and over with the pointed end of the plastic swizzle stick until the translucent pulpy filaments splay out like exhausted jellyfish." "You," it turns out, are the hostess of the Pussycat Lounge, and you're waiting for a particular woman to come into the bar. She does, and the story takes off; it works like a steam engine gathering momentum, or, well, like a good orgasm that builds from a plateau of waiting, of suffering a delicious, ineluctable,. certainly insatiable desire and then careening blindly to the right destination, where "you're not waiting, not waiting at all, in this moment you are exactly where you want to be." As in "Far from Home," the charm of the story seems almost minor—there are the right words, the right rhythm, a mix of emotions—and the sense of being where you want to be, namely in a milieu or context that validates a wider range of experience than the heterosexual norm. While not every story in *Virgin Territory* may "work" by traditional standards, I'd rather be here with these virgins continually exploring new territories than remembering or anticipating the Event as it's usually constituted.

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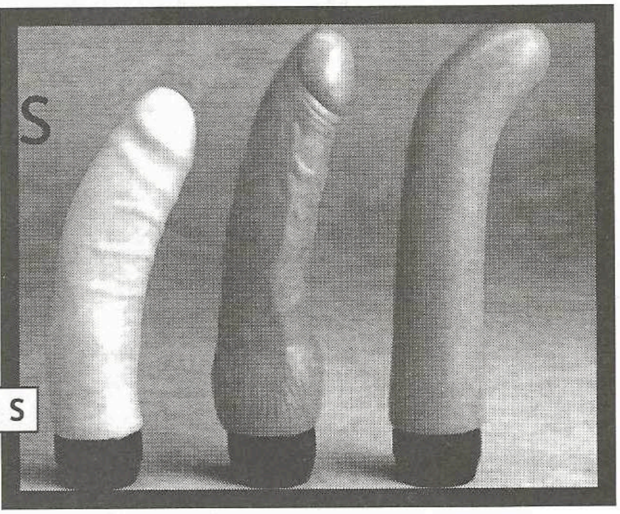
TOYS FOR TWATS

SexToys 101

KIM AIRS



"You know, this is my first time buying a vibrator."

"What's the difference between a vibrator and a dildo?"

"Would I like a battery operated or plug-in vibrator?"

I hear these questions on a daily basis here at Grand Opening! and most of the time, they are prefaced by the statement "I have a dumb question." In my book, no question is dumb if you don't know the answer.

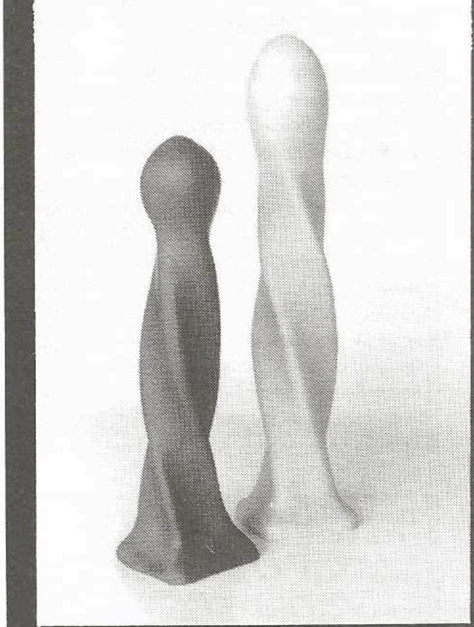
First and most important is giving yourself the opportunity to want one of these things without feeling any guilt or shame about desiring to finally pleasure yourself with a toy. Toys have always been wonderful in our lives! Remember getting your first Slinky? Etch-A-Sketch? Barbie? Tonka truck? (Can't forget the baby butches!) Chances are your face lit up, your nimble fingers tore open the package and without even reading the instructions, you started playing with your plaything and suddenly forgot the world around you. This is what can happen with adult toys too! One of my happiest Christmas mornings occurred when a lover of mine filled five big stockings with individually wrapped vibrators, dildos, lubes and latex and let me open each one to try them out then and there! I shook all the needles off the tree in a matter of hours! Whew!

A good question to ask yourself is are you going to use the vibrator mainly for clitoral stimulation or do you prefer something to insert? Or both?

The excitement builds when you cross the threshold of your friendly neighborhood girl toy store or when you start flipping through your latest catalogue. "What exactly do I want?" is a good question to start with. Let's begin shakin' things up by talkin' about battery vibrators.

Battery vibrators come in lots of shapes and sizes which is something you will find out with just about any variety of sex toy. A good question to ask yourself is are you going to use the vibrator mainly for clitoral stimulation or do you prefer something to insert? Or both? One good way to find out is to purchase something small and compact: this way your investment won't drain your life savings and if you end up not liking the vibrating sensation, you can always give it to Fluffy as a new cat toy.

A simple rule of thumb is that the harder the material on the outside, the stronger the vibrations feel. If you think you'd like zippy and buzzy vibrations, you may want to try a hard plastic vibrator. These are similar to the ones advertised in the Walter Drake catalogue pressed demurely on the face of a generic model that are made for "those hard to reach places." (Ever wonder where her other hand is?) There



SEX TOYS IN SILICONE

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are several sizes from about four to eight inches tall and 3/4" to 1 1/2" thick. They can take anything from one to two AA or C batteries depending on, you guessed it, the size. Colors vary too which may or may not be a big deal. Lavender? Silver? Black? You decide! Lots of times I hear the comment "I won't see it anyway!"

Another option is the softer and not too expensive vinyl battery vibrator. These are often called "softie" vibrators and while the outside case is softer than the hard plastic ones, they don't really flex that much. However, they are very quiet. Another rule of thumb is that the softer the material, the more the sounds of the motor are muffled. Battery vinyl vibes offer a great ability to hum along at a low price. They come in a large variety of colors and sizes and are a great way to start out.

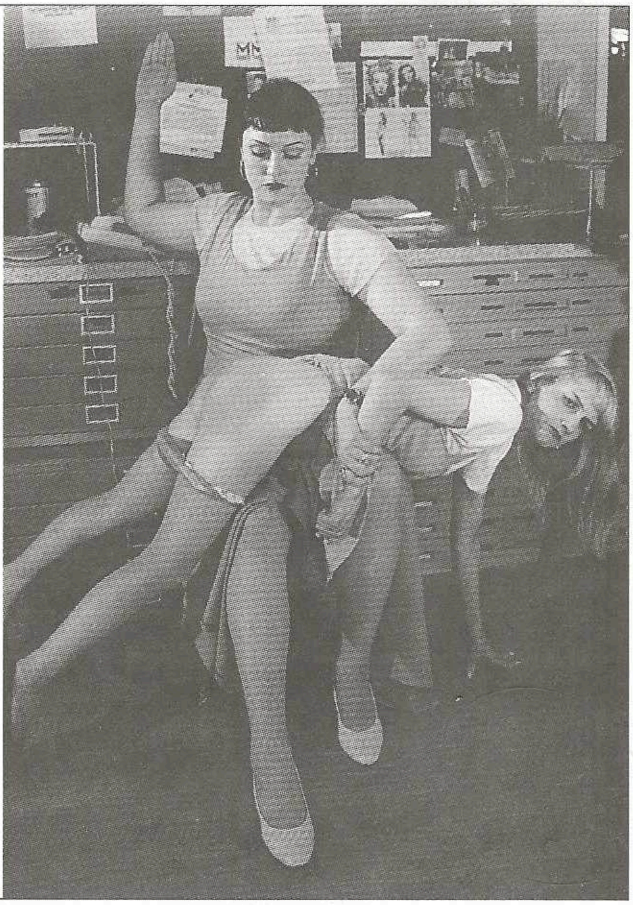
There has been a wonderful material developed which more and more sex toys are being made of that is a rubber, jelly-like material. These are relatively low cost, offer quiet vibrations since the material is soft and very resilient, and vibrate pretty well. The reigning color is hot pink and there are even ones with sparkles cast in it, which at Grand Opening! we call "The Ultra Femme." Jelly vibes are gaining popularity among the beginners in the crowd because the jelly warms to body temperature easily, cleans easily (with soap and water - we recommend using an anti-bacterial soap or Phisoderm which is strong yet gentle), and actually bends with our twists and curves while we writhe around in self-imposed lust. We love to jam with jelly.

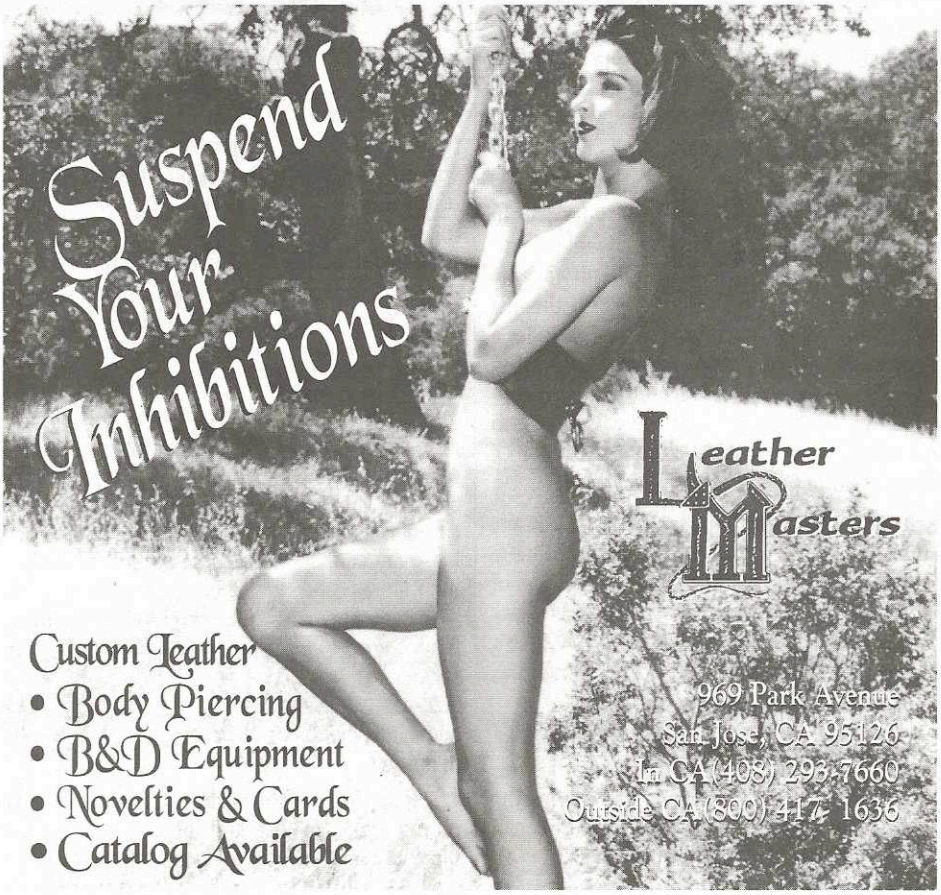
Clit's your thing, you say? Try checking the Venus Butterfly. This vibrator straps onto your body with a thin elastic waist strap and two straps fasten around the tops of your thighs. There are several variations that offer clitoral and vulva vibrations, namely the Sting Ray and the Hummingbird. The Sting Ray has a knobbed tail that dangles down from the clitoral vibrator which you can stick just about anywhere. Unfortunately, the tail doesn't itself vibrate but it does hold some residual shakes when the gizmo is on. The Hummingbird has two controls: one for a pointy beak which hums your clit and one for the body of the bird which produces a wave-like sensation against your cunt when it is on. This is one hummingbird you don't want to fly away! Other clitoral favorites are the Pocket Rocket, a single speed, Japanese made beauty that you can even leave on your office desk when not in use. If a colleague should ask, you can always tell them "Oh, it's for those hard to reach places." And the ever popular Hitachi Mini-Massager, originally designed for oral stimulation. I'd rather use this on my inner lips than my inner gums.

Sex toys? If you've never used one or want to brush up on basics, just stay tuned to this column. The sex toy train will stop again at plug-in vibrators, silicone dildos and toys, lubes and other great depots on the Lust Line. And I promise you'll get off at the right time! ♎

Spoiled Brats Get Spanked

At the Braemar Artists Colony, inconsiderate guests get spanked! Flighty Olivia, haughty Bethany and arrogant Charlotte are taken across the lap of big, beautiful administrator Faye, who teaches them responsibility with hand, hairbrush and strap. **Girl Spanks Girl #1** video is $53.95 from: Shadow Lane, P.O. Box 1910, Studio City, CA 91614-0910. To charge to MasterCard/Visa/ Discover call (818) 985-9151. **Shadow Lane Catalog** of spanking erotica $10.00 **Scene One Personal Ads** $14.00.

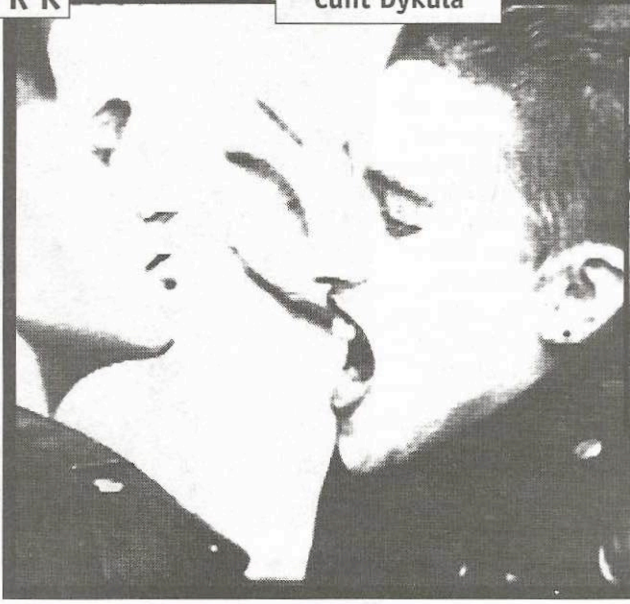




Sex, & Love & Cute Girls

J.STARK

Fearless



Cunt Dykula

Chicks in White Satin

"If Sheila Jeffreys didn't exist Camille Paglia would have to invent her." That's Judith Halberstam's take on the rad-sep anti-everything feminist in her review of Jefferies' *The Lesbian Heresy in the Winter, 1995 Lesbian Review of Books.* Halberstam concludes by pointing out that, The Sheila, a London-made dildo named in honor of Jeffreys, is probably her most valuable contribution to lesbian culture.

Halberstam (who is currently at work on a butch film history clip show entitled "Looking Butch.") seems to be this year's academic heart-throb. We hear she may be the next Judy-focus in *Judy Who? Magazine* (the uninitiated will want to check out both issues of the academic fanzine dedicated to the appreciation of lesbian theorist Judith Butler). *Judy 2* is just out and it includes a competition to "win a date with your fave theory superstar" as well as Judy paperdolls with a clip-on phallus. Order your copy today, send $2 to Miss Spent Youth c/o *Judy Who?* Magazine, P.O. Box 1421, Iowa City, IA 52244-1421.

It was a sad day in 'zine land today when the rambling writer and videomaker extraordinaire Tammy Rae Carland announced the demise of the ruling pubescent girl fan rag, *I Heart Amy Carter. Issue #5* is at your newsstand now. Get it before it's gone or send $3.00 to: Tammy Rae, 241 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211.

Serious political gossip: A coalition of lesbian organizers from around the world are working to have lesbian issues and concerns addressed at the 1995 United Nations World Conference on Women to be held in Beijing in September. An unprecedented global human rights report on lesbians is currently in progress, and will be distributed at the conference by the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission (IGLHRC). IGLHRC is also spearheading a letter writing campaign and petition drive in advance of the March, 1995 final U.N. preparatory meeting in New York City. To find out more about how you can get involved, contact: Beijing Project, International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission,1360 Mission St., Suite 200, San Francisco, CA 94103, USA. Phone: (415) 255-8680, fax (415) 255-8662. Do it.

What's "In" for 1995? On a recent visit to Minneapolis we discovered what we predict will soon be the hottest trend in nightlife across the country - a bowling alley/cafe/performance space called The Bryant-Lake Bowl. The lesbian-owned hot spot maintains the quaint atmosphere of a real old-fashioned bowling alley updated for the '90s — with a breakfast, lunch and dinner menu, a bunch of microbreweries on tap and a steady supply of live theater, comedy and performance in its adjoining auditorium space. Now if they could just add a little dyke sex club in the backroom, we'd be in business.

Hong Kong action pictures are another item on our 1995 "In" list, and this year's don't miss blockbuster is called *Executioners.* This sequel to last year's hit, *The Heroic Trio,* stars Michelle Khan, Maggie Cheung and Anita Mui as a post-apocalyptic, leather-clad feminist threesome battling a disfigured madman for control of the earth's last remaining water supply.

Definitely on our "Out" list is the yucky example of straight boy hacker entertainment offered up in David Kushner's December, 1994 *Details* article, "Drag Net: Confessions Of A Cyberlesbian." Inspired by *Net Guide* author Michael Wolff's claim that "At some point in everyone's life, they're gay on AOL," heterosexual Kushner goes undercover on the internet, posing as a lesbian. He uses the pseudonym LustMuffin and inveigles his way into the circuits of a sexy dyke dubbed Jenny. (LustMuffin: "My clit is getting so damn hard!") Finally, Kushner arranges to meet Jenny in person — what could he be thinking of? — but she stands him up. Warning to all women on the internet: subject your potential partners to a barrage of lesbian ID checks; that cute gal you're talking to may be a guy.

One of our all time favorite radicals seems to be coming out a bit more visibly. Angela Davis is one of the confirmed presenters for the "Black Nations/Queer Nations?" conference this March at the City University of New York. Now if only that other famous Northern Californian, African-American feminist writer/musician couple would join her.

Last issue we offered a crash course in current sapphic cinema production. As the boom continues, an update is in order.

You've probably already heard that Elaine Holliman is set to direct the feature-length narrative adaptation of her award-winning short documentary, *Chicks in White Satin* — a Jewish lesbian wedding story — for Disney's Hollywood Pictures. We're skeptical of Disney and we're also curious about Holliman's reluctance to come out about her sexual orientation in a recent *Advocate* interview. Now Holliman is rumored to be the force behind the upcoming long, long, long-awaited movie version of Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle.* But will she cast Jodie as Molly Bolt?

Fawn Yacker's feature-length tale of a liaison between two women from outer space, *Bedtime Story* (not to be confused with Su Friedrich's ITVS-funded baby dyke documentary, *Bedtime Stories*) is now in pre-production at the American Film Institute's Women Director's Workshop. Sounds like *Claire of the Moon* redone as *Star Trek* — we'd love to see an intergalactic bondage scene with Deanna Troy and Tasha Yar.

Our best film pick this issue has to be *Fearless: The Hunterwali Story*, the biography of whipcracking Indian stunt actress, Fearless Nadia. Offering an overview of Indian cinema history and dynamic clips of the 1930s Feminist screen queen in action, *Fearless* is a definite don't miss on this year's film festival circuit.

We're also pretty excited about the home video release of Frameline's woman-to-woman safer sex video package, *She's Safe!* The fisting scene in the last segment will probably offend the folks at Blockbuster, but ask for it at your queer friendly video store.

Dyke documentaries playing at this year's prestigious Sundance Film Festival included Deborah Hoffman's powerful Alzheimer's account, *Complaints of a Dutiful Daughter;* Michelle Parkerson's long-awaited, *A Litany for Survival: The Life and Work of Audre Lorde* and Heather McDonald's overview of Oregon activism, *Ballot Measure 9*. Look for all of these films coming soon to a lesbian and gay film festival near you.

Good news for all you Super Masochists and Angry Women in New York City. San Francisco's modern literati and primitives have bid their fond farewell to *Re/Search* and it's publisher Andrea Juno (aka A.J.) and Re/Search has just moved its ink and metal to the Big Apple.

In wackier entertainment news, the estate of Martha Raye (who you may recall for her Polident commercials and for her role as the evil old witch on our favorite '70s TV show, *The Boogaloos*) is selling the screen rights to her life story — including the details of her affair with Joan Crawford. We're already on the edge of our seats.

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edited by Pat Califia

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DOING IT FOR DADDY

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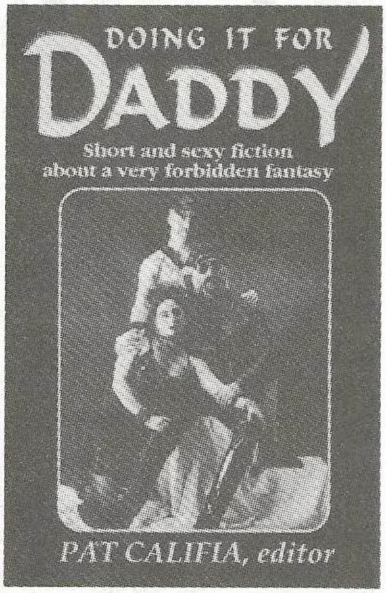

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by Michael Willhoite

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—The Advocate

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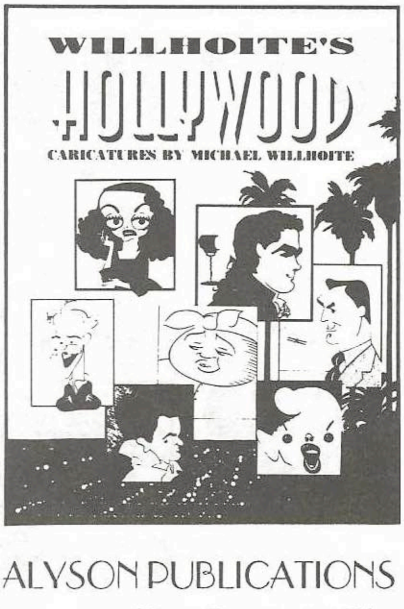

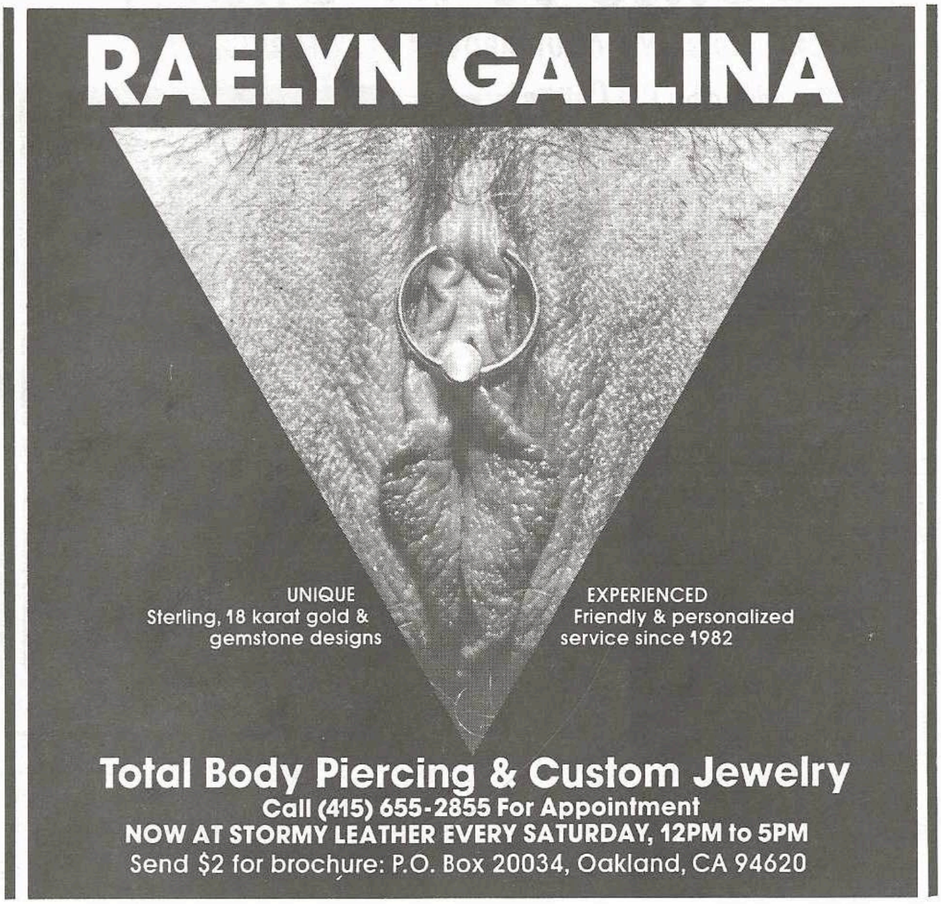

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(LETTERS continued from page 5)

I want you to know how much I appreciate all the articles, videos, etc. on safer sex for women. I'm a butch lesbian who's been living with HIV since fall of '90. The femme who I love dearly, and married a year and a half ago, is HIV negative. It didn't take me long after testing positive to realize that part of my living with this virus had to involve talking about it. I live in Bloomington, Indiana - home of Indiana University. Over the past four years I've spoken in a lot of college classes about living with HIV, safer sex, being a woman and a lesbian with HIV. K'ai, my wife, and I have done some of this together; talking about being a serodiscordant couple. We also did a down to the nitty gritty, bring our safe sex toys in for show and tell, safer sex workshop for a lesbian discussion group in town.

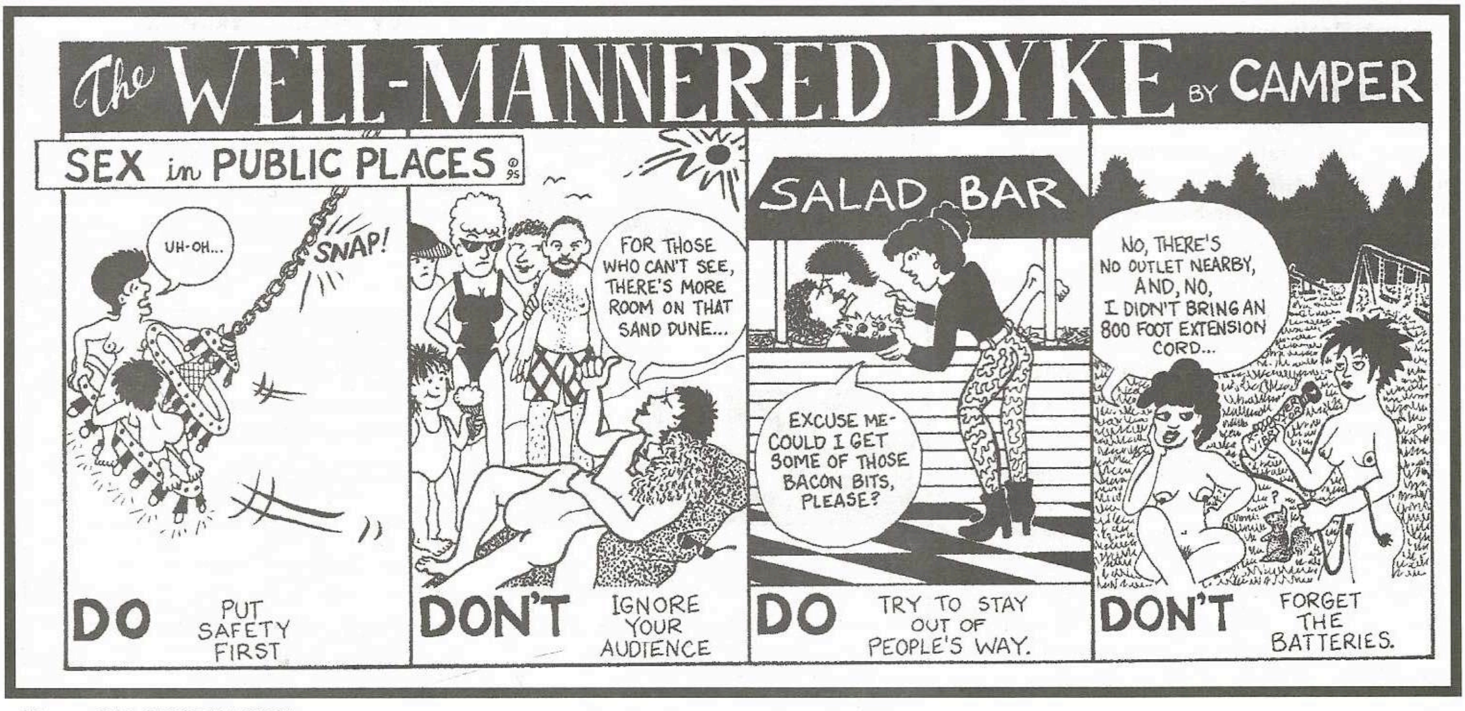
I know from experience that most lesbians don't want to hear this stuff. It gives me a burst of hope when national publications such as yours take on that issue. You're a recognized name and have the potential to make some people think. Thanks for doing it.

Raven
Bloomington, IN

FURRY TWATS, PLEASE.

Dear Editors,

How about including in *On Our Backs* more photos of unshaved women? Instead of just showing women conforming to (and internaliz-



The WELL-MANNERED DYKE BY CAMPER
SEX in PUBLIC PLACES ©95
UH-OH...
SNAP!
DO PUT SAFETY FIRST
FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T SEE, THERE'S MORE ROOM ON THAT SAND DUNE...
DON'T IGNORE YOUR AUDIENCE
SALAD BAR
EXCUSE ME-COULD I GET SOME OF THOSE BACON BITS, PLEASE?
DO TRY TO STAY OUT OF PEOPLE'S WAY.
NO, THERE'S NO OUTLET NEARBY, AND, NO, I DIDN'T BRING AN 800 FOOT EXTENSION CORD...
VIBRATOR
DON'T FORGET THE BATTERIES.

ing) male aesthetics of femaleness (which after all are based on oppression - as Simone deBevoir says, shaving is meant to make women look like little girls, to de-empower, to make women feel less female if they don't shave). Why not show how incredibly, hypnotically beautiful women look with really hairy armpits, legs and bushy bushes? Even the hair in a woman's asshole can be pretty damn beautiful, no?

Sign me,
Name Withheld at
Author's Request

[Okay. See how easy I am. You just have to ask nice. -Ed.]

THANKS FOR SHARING

Dear On Our Backs:

OOO-EEE! Loved the 10th Anniversary Issue. I curled up with my favorite sex toy ("Tamiko Professional Massager"), and enjoyed every page. I'm certain your new management will carry on in the pioneering spirit that *OOB* has shown this past decade. Believe me, your honesty is really needed. You are a forum for all us queer women who enjoy and celebrate sex in its myriad expressions. It's bad enough that we have to confront the homophobia and sex-negativism in the "general" society, but we also have to face the prudes within our own ranks. But at least we have *OOB* to turn to when the going gets rough "out there."

In response to your letter to subscribers, I could only add that, for me, I would like to see even more photos and or stories featuring Black or Asian women. Keep up the great work.

(Am enclosing a little snapshot. You said you wanted to hear from your subscribers. I'm guessing you'd like to see them as well.)

Mela,
Sepulveda, CA

[Yes, we do like to receive nude photos of our readers in the mail. It makes our day. Thanks.]

OLDIES BUT GOODIES

Dear On Our Backs,

In April a male friend showed the magazine to me and my girlfriend. We were pretty anti-porn before we saw it. But it was so interesting and informative. And it didn't exploit women. It was really cool. He had issues that were four or five years old and we read them all as fast as we could. We showed them to all of our friends. ♆

Rachel Kintner
Spokane, WA

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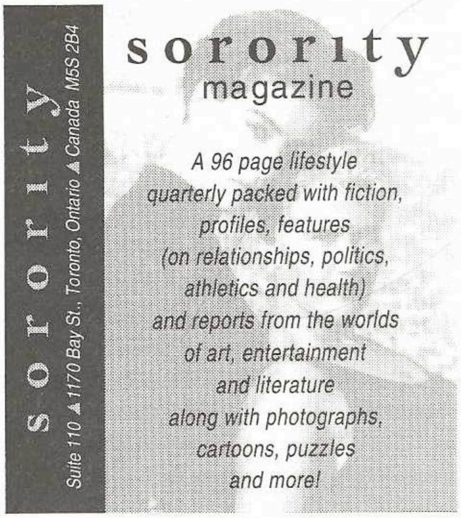

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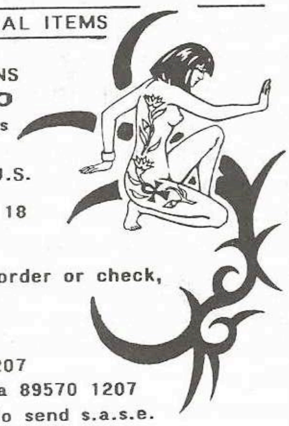

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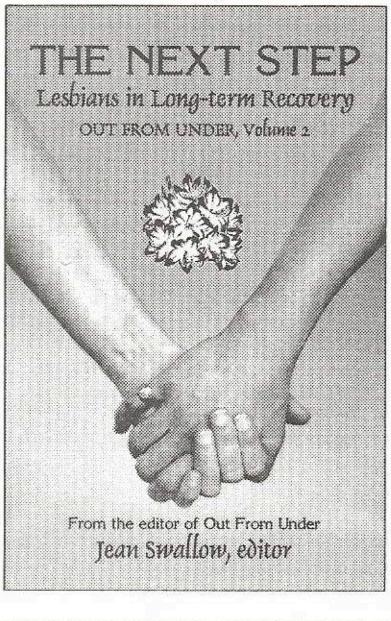

THE NEXT STEP
Lesbians in Long-term Recovery
OUT FROM UNDER, Volume 2
From the editor of Out From Under
Jean Swallow, editor

(OLD FASHIONED continued from page 32)

I moaned with disgust, but Erika took it as pleasure. "Oh, yeah," she went on in a growly voice which was entirely different from her regular high voice. "You're a cheap piece of meat to me." She placed her red mouth on my neck like a sea anemone.

"Wait a second," I said, utterly unmoved by her attempts at talking dirty. "Could we just, you know, touch a little first."

"Relax," she said. "Just let your mind go. Your generation spent so much energy taking back the night, you gave up your own pleasure. Try imagining I've just paid $300 for your gorgeous body. You could get that much, you know."

I laid back, too polite to tell her that I had no problem with talking dirty. I longed for Nancy's trashy mouth. But it's gotta come from the heart. Dirty talk had to come from real passion.

Erika reached under the bed and produced some wrist restraints. She kept trying to talk dirty but sounded more like she'd memorized a bad porn script. I let her tie me to the bed. I let her climb on me, twist my nipples a couple times, then push that lavender whale up me. She pumped away on the dildo muttering, "I'm deep in your ocean, baby." I bucked my hips for her, but I wasn't going to go so far as to fake an orgasm. She didn't come either.

We laid there for a while, me tied to the bedposts, and didn't talk. The lavender whale flopped to the side of her dildo harness. At first I felt embarrassed. Then I felt sad for her because she hadn't transformed me into a liberated sex machine like she said she could. Finally I felt angry. Erika and her friends really believed they'd invented hot sex and radical politics. Like, what did they think women had been doing for the last 3,000,000,000 years we've been on earth? Waiting for the 1990's when the sex radicals would show us how it's done?

I broke the silence saying, "I bet you're really thankful for the Catharine MacKinnon's and Andrea Dworkin's of this world. They keep sex good and dirty for you."

"Anti-sex prudes," Erika muttered, missing my point.

"I'm gonna whisper 'Catharine MacKinnon' in your ear while I fuck you and see what happens," I said.

Erika got a funny look on her face. She knew I was mocking her. Her ears reddened to match her lips.

"Erika," I said more gently now. "With all this apparatus in bed with us, I feel more like a lab animal than a woman having sex."

"Loosen up," she snapped. "You're just too uptight to allow yourself to feel good." She shifted her whole body into a pout.

"It seems to me that being able to get off without half a hardware store in the bed is more indicative of a 'looser' state of mind than needing all this crap. Believe me, my orgasms are superb with a hand or a mouth. What gets me off is the, oh, maybe you could say essence of the other person. I don't need props. Come on, clear this bed out and let me show you the old-fashioned way."

That sweet look of fear crossed Erika's face again.

"Come on, girlfriend. We've tried your way. Now try mine," I whispered. Then I swept all the gadgets onto the floor.

"Watch out!" she cried. "That stuff costs a lot of money."

"Sorry," I said quietly as I started tongueing her outer ear.

"You just have to control everything," she said, still petulant.

"Mmm, probably so," I said. I scooted down the bed to suck on her toes, one at a time. I reached a hand up under her ass and stroked the crack. I could feel all her muscles tense. I wondered if she felt too naked without her toys. I moved my mouth up her thigh and encountered the lavender whale. I used my teeth to undo her dildo harness. Each time she tried to help with her hands, I bit them. I heard her sigh a couple times. I didn't know if it was annoyance or the first stages of relaxing. Once I got the harness and dildo off her, I licked her clit ring, but not her clit. I circled around and around her labia, licking her thighs, stroking her anus, but not touching her clit. I wanted her to get so desperate she had to ask me.

She started moaning when I put a lubed finger up her anus. Then gasping as I put three fingers in her vagina. I moved the fingers, all four, in and out of her very, very slowly. She hauled her knees up as far as they would go and held them with her hands. Her head tossed back and forth, and primeval sounds came from her throat.

Finally, she begged. "Oh god Elizabeth just do me please." She even got my name right, for once. Still, I waited. I wouldn't touch her clit, but I fucked her harder and faster with my fingers. She had to scream first. She had to scream before I'd touch her clit.

Then Erika did scream. "Oh please oh please oh please," she hollered. I touched her clit lightly with the tip of my tongue, then sucked her until she came, wailing and bucking. The old-fashioned way.

(TALK DIRTY, continued from page 13)

with this girl on a pool table, and there are times when he's actually waving his hands around in the air because he doesn't know where to put them on her. It's like it's not a woman, it's not a human being, it's a thing: Put dick in hole.

Hern: Do you want to talk about sexual images you do like?

DiMassa: I have to honestly say that porn magazines don't usually turn me on, it's all GENITALS, kind of a biology class approach.

Hern: Does writing do more for you?

DiMassa: I mostly think it's silly. Every now and then I'll come across a piece, usually an SM piece, which you can tell is at least partially true, and it's hot, about an experience getting it in the bathroom at a party or something. And I like some totally ridiculous stuff — like gay boy porn. They're such dogs, just no holds barred. When you read dyke porn, of course you can totally relate to it 'cuz you have a female body, and it's kind of like you're in there with it. But when I read boy-boy porn, there's a separation where my imagination is a lot more at work. It's not so much the actual dicks or whatever they're doing, I think. It's more 'cuz I don't know what it feels like to have a dick. I guess. Maybe it is the dicks, who knows.

Livingston: It's those dicks.

DiMassa: Have you come across real satisfying sexual images?

Livingston: I like erotic fiction a lot. I think it's hard to write well, because it's clichéd. Although, I like the clichés.

DiMassa: The waves, the ocean, the flower.

Livingston: Or even just the things that get repeated.

DiMassa: Yeah, thrusting, all those words.

Livingston: But the clichés are hot. You can't really write anything new about sex. It's all been written. But you can write it in a slightly different way.

Really bad movies from years back are part of my erotic landscape, like *Born Innocent* with Linda Blair. Actually, that was the first SM dyke porn I ever saw. It's a gang rape scene in a shower. And it's all girls. And of course fantasies are fantasies, I didn't really want to be a 13-year-old gang raped in the shower of a reform school.

DiMassa: Yes you did.

Livingston: Well, maybe I do now.

Hern: The idea of taking mainstream representations, disregarding the negative stuff, and using them for your own pleasure is really interesting.

DiMassa: I think I have a lot of images left over from watching teenage sex movies at drive-ins. The really cheesy movies with the stupid boyfriend/cheerleader scenario are hot. When I'm watching, I may be screaming comments out, but later on, it's still in there.

Livingston: What's interesting for me is that a lot of nonconsensuality or violence that I've seen in the movies that I find really reprehensible, as a feminist, as a critic, has become totally a part of my erotic landscape.

DiMassa: Oh, yeah.

Livingston: And so, what I want to do in my movie *You're the Top* is to find a way that becomes healing, so that it's okay to take something that's quite problematic, and turn it into something that, for you as a feminist or as a sexual person or as an artist, becomes a transformation. I don't think there's really anyway of getting around the fact that we live in a power-crazy world. You can try and ignore it, or you can try to play with it and transform it. The main character in my movie is trying to resolve issues of power in her life, and the way she begins is to play with issues of power in sex.

DiMassa: I totally love the idea of Jennie's script. The thing about it is that it has humor in it. There's nothing worse to me than when someone is taking themselves so seriously — "Here I am in leather from head to toe, I got a whip, I won't smile." It's called play. Let's have fun.

Livingston: There's a way that we can be exuberant about our sexuality but make fun of how ridiculous it is. It's absolutely ridiculous to be sexual. The whole idea that weird stuff happens and you get wet — it's wild.

Hern: Can you talk a bit more about mainstream depictions of SM?

Livingston: *New York Magazine* had this article "S & M goes mainstream" and it was really insipid. It was something like "In 1974, it was free sex. In 1984, it was safe sex. In 1994, it's mean sex." Essentially, the stance was: "This kind of makes me feel uncomfortable, so it's okay if it makes you feel uncomfortable too."

DiMassa: Right.

Livingston: It's: We're not going to tell you what Pat Califia might have to say, which might enlighten you — even if you may not be interested — about why other people are. No, we're going to just—

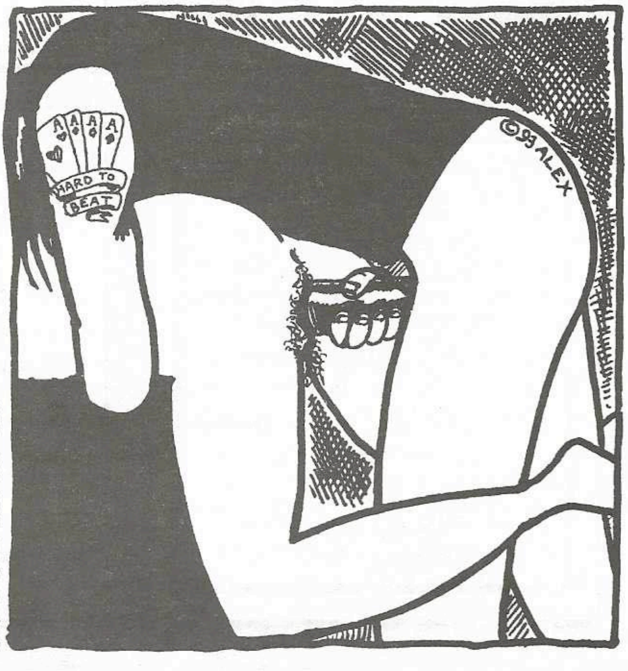
DiMassa: Unify around their uncomfortableness.

Livingston: Yeah, assure you that if you feel uncomfortable about it, it's okay. If the magazine implied that SM is normal — that it exists, has been around for centuries — you might have to feel bad that it alienates you.

DiMassa: I think that when somebody gets really agitated about something, it's because you're pushing some buttons. Are you alienated because you can't deal with being turned on? Are you willing to admit that a story about a man and two dogs turns you on? Or are you, as a dyke, willing to admit that a big, hard dick turns you on sometimes when you're whacking off? What is the fucking difference? Arousal is arousal and the pieces don't really matter.

As the discussion wound down, the photographer started setting up her equipment. She tried to be innocuous, remembering the make-up person's banishment. Once the boundaries were set — no full-on frontal shots of DiMassa — everyone took their positions and the Catholic New Englander in DiMassa reappeared.

"Oh god," she fidgeted. "How do I get into these situations." ⩓



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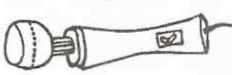

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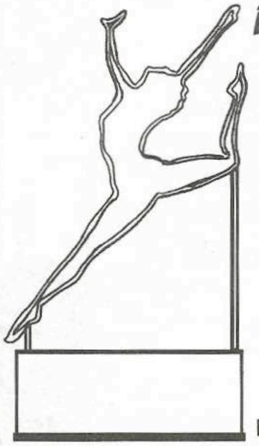

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(PROZAC continued from page 15)

KL. It's ironic, but I'm more able to moderate my feelings about being extreme. Now, I am able to let women fuck me and really take control. Recently, a woman even tied me up—it was the first time in my life.

All. Ohhh.

JW. You're not afraid of the other side, it's a function of that moderation.

KL. It's interesting how that moderation works, Prozac is almost like a truth serum. If you're really sincere about a particular sexual feeling, than it will facilitate that.

JW. Like pharmaceutical Zen.

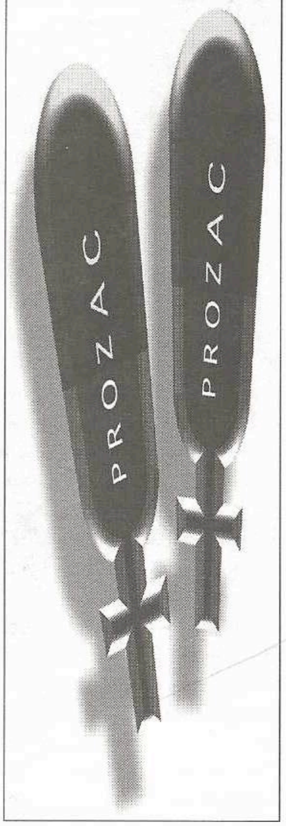
KL. I want to talk about antidotes to the drug's sexual effects which we consider to be problematic. I've come up with some strategies, and I want hear your comments.

DM. When I feel better physically, when I'm around clean air and water, my sex life improves. Another thing that I do is purposely not masturbate ahead of time when I know that I am going to be having sex. During sex, I pace myself and let myself back off a little more.

JW. The effects of Prozac are fine with me, I know my libido will come back in phases. I have found, however, that when I exercise my libido is naturally higher. My lover though, is really fixated on the fact that her drive has decreased so markedly, so we tried Yohimbe, an herb Karlyn told us reversed Prozac's inhibition of sexual desire and response. It made me incredibly spacy and it made my lover really anxious.

GS. Was there any extra interest in sex?

JW. Almost immediately. My lover and I couldn't believe it was so sudden. We took it before our dinner party and during the evening, we were like, "everyone go home, go home!" It was very unexpected. You know I thought this would gradually increase my libido, and I got this major raging boner. I was thrusting my pelvis into my dinner guests, asking them, "don't you want to touch me?" I don't particularly like being controlled by my hormones, but it was a controlled lack of control.



I was very much a topper, I was more aggressive, I enjoyed the emotional effects of being a top, and that was certainly lessened on Prozac.

GS. I can reliably have an orgasm with oral sex, so I really haven't sought anything else. I will not take another medication to temper the side effects of the first, because eventually I will find I will need to take a third to temper the second. If I were single, maybe then I would seek a solution, but it's not an issue.

KL. I've been taking Yohimbine, which is prescribed for male erection difficulties. I did take the herb, Yohimbe, but I couldn't stand the side effects either—I was very jittery. I much prefer taking the drug. With the drug, I do feel a little more agitated, but after going off Prozac and having my sex drive go up, I decided I wanted my Selective Serotonin Re-uptake Inhibitor [the anti-depressant class to which Prozac belongs] to be a little more selective. I wish it didn't select my sex drive, because for me so much of my identity is tied up in being a really sexual person.

GS. How did you hear about it?

KL. I read about three men and three women who had tried Yohimbine for lowered sex drive on Prozac. So I went to my physician and he hadn't heard about using Yohimbine in this way. He suggested rather that I try lowering my dosage. This helped somewhat, but eventually he researched Yohimbine and prescribed it for me. It has been miraculous. Another thing that I've altered is when I take my Prozac, and that really changes things. The farther away you can take it from sex, the better.

I want to thank the three of you. The discussion has been excellent, and radical— four lesbians sitting in a living room talking about depression, Prozac and sex. As I said when we began, the thing that is so debilitating about depression is the stigma that renders it isolating, slows its treatment, and compounds its symptoms. Adding the subject of an altered sexuality to the mix has placed the topic even farther beyond the pale of polite dinner conversation.

In making these connections with one another, we enhance our ability to manage our illnesses, and to enjoy our lives, our sex, and our relationships.

(WET SPOT continued from page 35)

Jesus Christ to see if I was willing to sin. He said he was so proud of me that I wasn't a sinner. He spent the rest of the drive home preaching Born Again Christianity to me. Out of control.

Now, alongside that experience, it is also true that most of my relationships since the age of 19 have been with lovers 12-20 years older than me.

Carol: At 19, I had a nonconsensual experience with an older woman. I was at a retreat for gay activists. This woman in her 40s put her hands down my pants in a room full of people who pretended not to see.

She assumed that if I didn't want to do it, I'd tell her to stop. She didn't consider that I might be afraid to say anything. I was in shock. But my belief that this did not happen also silenced me. Because I was so deeply invested in lesbian sex as wholesome, it was days before I said to myself, "That felt like rape."

Staci: Yup, I get it. There is so much that effects one's ability to consent as well as understand what is going on in a sexual encounter. This process of learning what is consensual or not for an individual can take years. I know I am still discovering the shifting borders between yes, no, and maybe.

A piece of healing that I want to see more of is a shift to separate sex from abuse. Because in sexual abuse situations sex was used as the tool of abuse, it's like you have to clean sex off and polish it up.

Carol: The things the sex-positive movement challenges us to do are so similar to the things you have to do to recover from abuse. Going into the body, into feeling, into pleasure - it all moves us towards a clearer ability to consent, to feel, to be passionate. Information and insight about healing that comes from the sex abuse recovery community is absolutely relevant to the whole community since we have to recover from being raised in a sex negative culture.

Staci: So many people's reaction to healing or ending sexual abuse is to talk about sex less, educate about sex less, and make children as asexual as possible. But this just builds a bigger room of silence and confusion in which sexual abuse continues. I'm convinced the solution is the opposite. Teaching about power and consent, and empowering people in their choices around their sexualities will get us to a world without sexual abuse and one in which pleasure and desire have ample room, much more quickly than continuing the paranoia around sex.

CONTRIBUTORS

Chloe Atkins is madly in love with a younger woman. This experience is responsible for the romantic glow infusing her recent work.

Annie Sprinkle's photography has been published in *American Photographer, Newsweek, Spin, Camera Austria,* and dozens of *Penthouse* Publications. Her work has been shown in galleries internationally, and is represented by Torch Gallery in Amsterdam, Holland.

Jennifer Camper's collection of cartoons, *Rude Girls and Dangerous Women,* was published last fall. She is organizing an exhibit of queer cartoons which opens March 24th at A Different Light bookstore in New York City.

Rebeccah never thought of herself as a real artist until she'd been censored. One of the photos removed from her 1993 exhibit in a Santa Cruz women's bookstore appears in this issue.

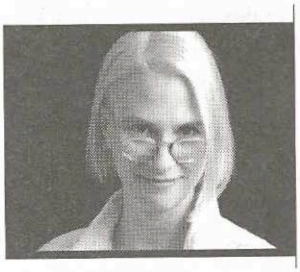
Sabrina McCardel maintains a dirty mind and clean fingernails. She works tirelessly at reclaiming the word PERVERT. She is a mystic, lipstick dyke, femme top, soul sex seeker who manages to write, act, sing and illustrate "Sex Tips" in her spare time.

Mariette Pathy Allen is a photographer/writer/speaker on transgender issues: the relationship between mind, body and spirit (identity) in people for whom these issues play a particularly dramatic role. Mariette's book *Transformations* was reviewed in *On Our Backs.* Her photos of Susie Bright and Honey Lee Cottrell, and Shelly Mars have graced these pages.

Lucy Jane Bledsoe is editor of the lesbian erotica anothology *Hot Licks* (Alyson) and author of a novella and short story collection, *The Place Before Language* (Seal), both coming out this fall. She likes to write about sex, bicycling, and wilderness, all of which merge in her mind, anyway.

Thea Hillman is a choose-your-own-adventure kind of gal. Work experience in the past year has included co-editing the erotic 'zine, *Inciting Desire,* selling lingerie and sex toys at Camouflage in Santa Cruz, tutoring UCSC students in writing, and parking cars at the SF Marriott. She is currently an editorial assistant for *Wood Technology Magazine.*

Katie Hern is an editor and college instructor who lives in San Francisco. She did this piece for *On Our Backs* so that when high school friends write to her saying, "Can you believe it? I'm getting married!" she can respond, "Can you believe it? I'm writing for a lesbian porn magazine."



Carol Queen is a writer and sex educator who lives in San Francisco. Her most recently published smut can be found in Pat Califia's anthology *Doing It For Daddy* (Alyson, 1994), *The Best American Erotica 1994,* and Shar Rednour's anthology *Virgin Territory* (A Richard Kasak Book, 1995). Her essays about sex and culture appear in various anthologies, among them *Dagger, Madonnarama, Women Of The Light,* and are being collected in book form soon. She's finishing up her first book, *Exhibitionism For The Shy.* Penthouse called her "a sexual overachiever."

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Staci Haines was raised in a small Colorado town in the Rocky Mountains. Her adventures since leaving there have taken her to the now dismantled Berlin Wall, the desert Southwest, on a walk across the U.S., and to a many times interrupted academic career at Oberlin College. She has lived in San Francisco for three years, and has managed Good Vibrations, spent much of her time in the incest survivors communities, and done Diversity and anti-racism work.

Karlyn Lotney received her early training at the hands of gelled and moussed Midwestern shade queens and other Madonna wannabes. Currently, she studies in residence at San Francisco's famed Castro district, and pushes dildos to support her academic habit.

Cherry Smyth is Irish, living in London, working as a journalist and co-programmer of the London Lesbian & Gay Film Festival. Her book *Queer Notions* was published in 1992 by Scarlet Press.

J. Stark is an alias. (Jim Stark was the name of James Dean's character in *Rebel Without a Cause*).

Robin Stevens is a San Francisco writer/editor who has followed the activities of the right for some time and has written several articles on anti-gay politics for *OUT Magazine.* Stevens is also the editor of the anthology *Girlfriend Number One: Lesbian Life in the 90s,* which she calls the perfect and sexy antidote to doldrums brought on by thinking too long about the right wing.

Holly Willis is the West Coast Editor of *Filmmaker: The Magazine of Independent Film,* and is currently completing a book of interviews with people involved in the adult film industry.

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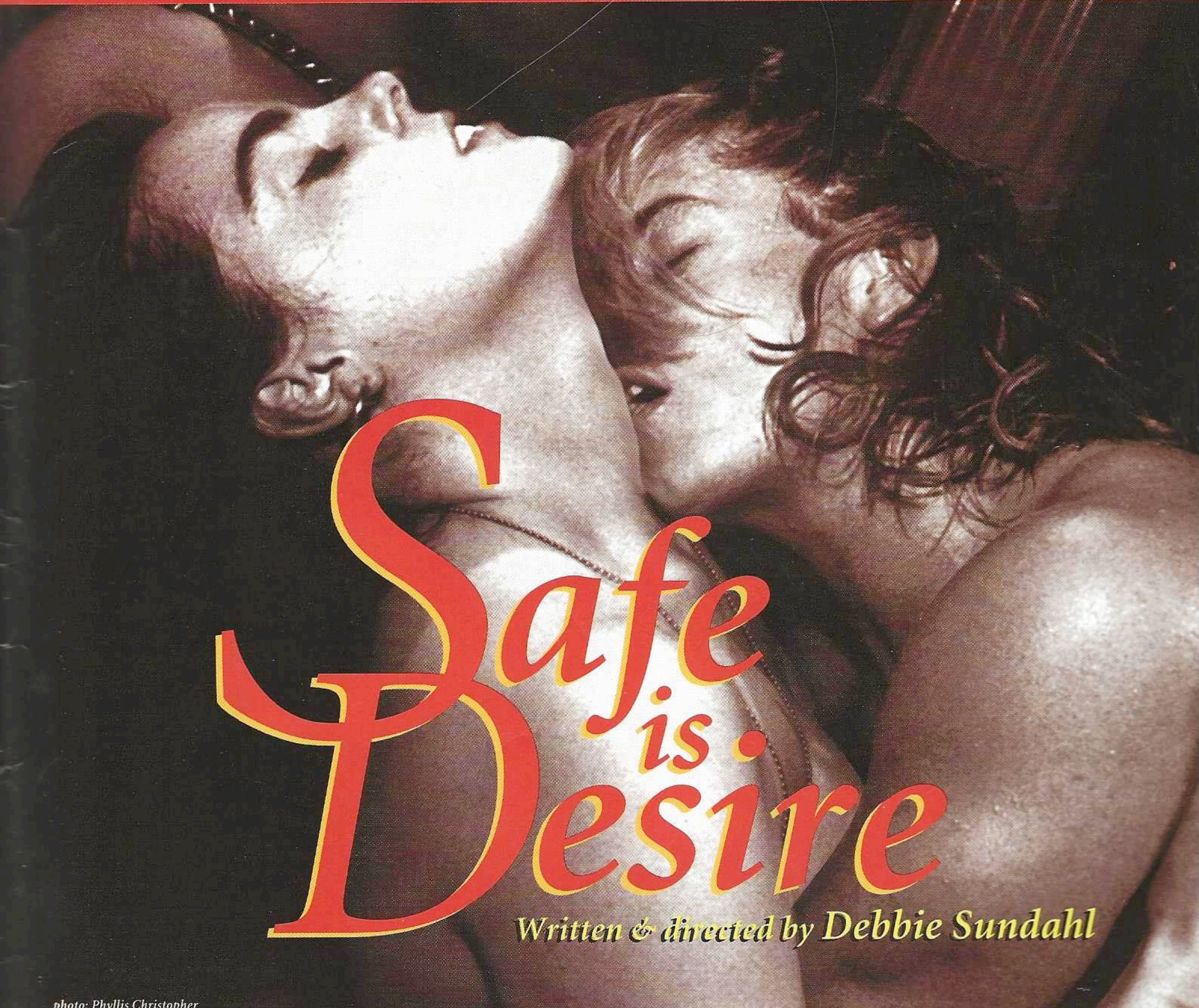

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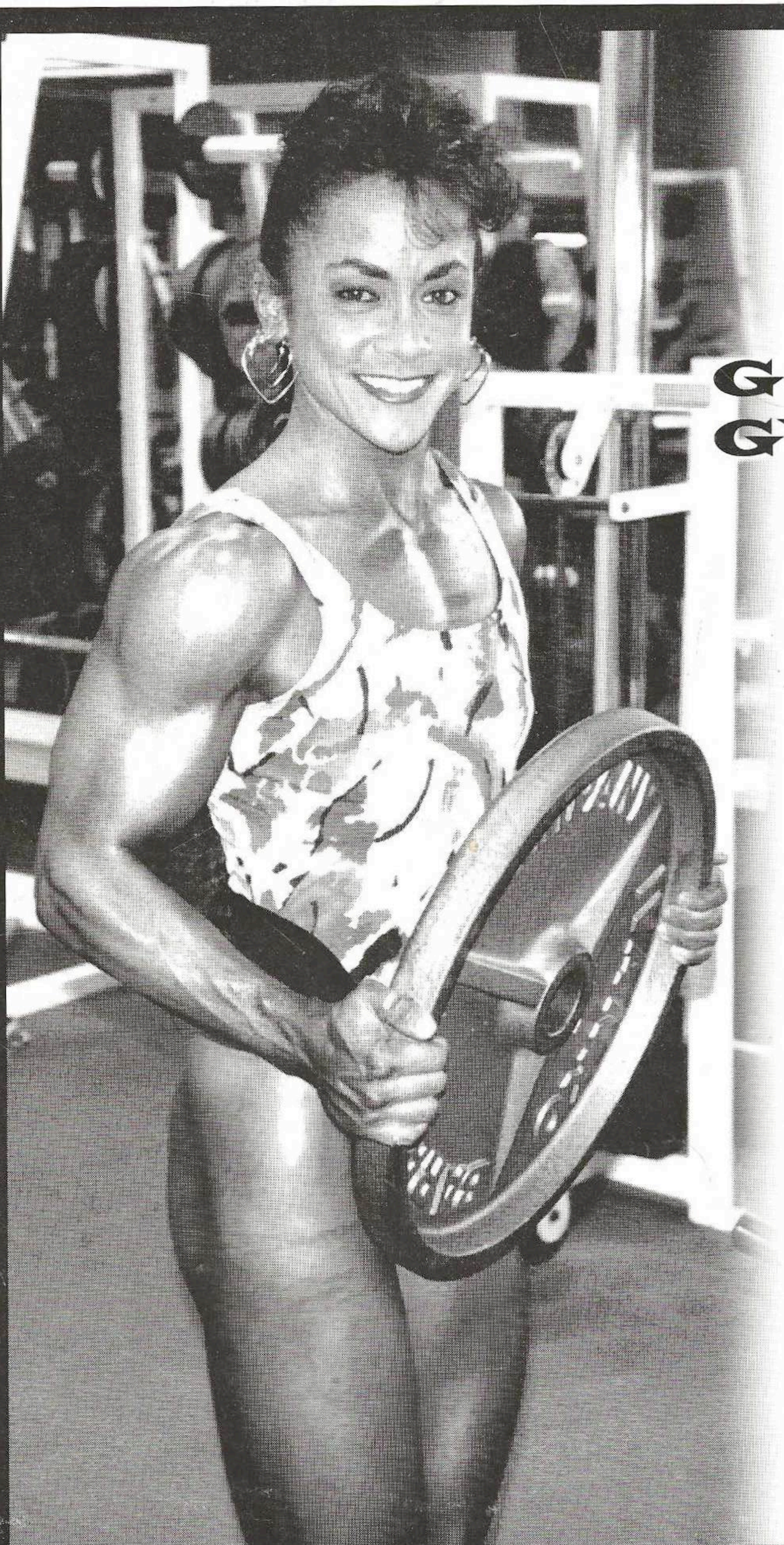

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